SHAKESPEARE'S
TWELFTH NIGHT.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

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11 Nella

Cambridge

Mass

April 12th 1882

SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDY OF

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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PREFACE.

THIS book has been prepared on the same plan as its thirteen predecessors in the series. The plan was based on an experience of nearly twenty years in teaching English Literature in high schools, during which time I had opportunities of seeing not only the immediate results of the method in leading pupils to enjoy and appreciate our best poetry, but also, in many instances, its lasting influence upon their tastes and habits of thought.

In the preface to *The Merchant of Venice*, the first play of the series, I stated that my aim was "to edit this English classic for school and home reading in essentially the same way as Greek and Latin classics are edited for educational purposes;" and that the chief requisites in such a book seemed to me to be "a pure *text* (expurgated, if necessary), and the *notes* needed for its thorough elucidation and illustration." In the notes, as I have said in more than one preface, I have preferred to err, if at all, on the side of fulness. I have aimed to give *all* the comments of former editors that seemed of any real value or interest; and I have added many notes of my own, especially in the way of making Shakespeare his own commentator by the citation of illustrative passages from his other works. In short, as I remarked in the preface to *Henry V.*, I have tried "to prepare what may be called a popular 'Variorum' edition for the general reader and student, as distinguished from an exhaustive work for the critic and the advanced scholar such as my friend Furness is preparing;" keeping in mind the fact that "few persons, not excepting teachers in our high schools and academies, have ready access to a complete Shakespearian library, and that few except teachers would often avail themselves of such a library if it were open to them."

Let me add, as in the preface I have just quoted, that in stating what

my own plan has been, and how I have tried to carry it out, I do not presume to claim that the plan is the best possible or the execution faultless. Neither have I the arrogance to assume that my plan, even if the best for *me* as a teacher, is necessarily the best for every other teacher. I have no quarrel with those who prefer a different method; let each man choose the tools that suit his own hand or that seem to him to do the best work.

In this matter of teaching Shakespeare—as, indeed, in most other matters—one-sided men are apt to be both dogmatic and intolerant. An English editor, to whom I have referred in the preface to *Hamlet*, will have no æsthetic criticism in his books; but, not content with quietly ignoring it, he must indulge in a sneer at those who differ from him by calling it "sign-post" criticism, which "turns the commentator into a showman." On the other hand, a venerable American editor, who has done much excellent work in this line of æsthetic criticism, would have little else than such criticism in a school edition of Shakespeare; and in the preface to a recent edition of *Hamlet*, he is most volubly severe upon those who think proper to give more notes than he does. To do this is "exegetical incontinency," "needless and obstructive annotation," "an inordinate fecundity of explanation" (verily, these be parlous words!), etc., etc. All "variorum comment and citation" is likewise "tolerable and not to be endured," being "hardly of any use or interest save to those who are making or intending to make a specialty of Shakespearian lore. But," he adds, "of the pupils and even the teachers in our schools and colleges, probably not one in five hundred has, or ought to have, any thought of becoming a specialist in Shakespeare. To such students a minute discussion or presentation of various readings must needs be a stark impertinence; and its effect, if it have any, can hardly be other than to confuse and perplex their thoughts."

Now, in my view, these are only two opposite extremes of critical bigotry; and I do not feel called upon to defend my own method, which combines æsthetic and "variorum" criticism, against attacks from either quarter. If the teacher or the student wants only notes of the one kind or of the other, or if he simply wants fewer notes, he can select his edition accordingly; it would be a mistake for him to use mine if another seems better for his purposes.

Let me say, however, that I have a better opinion of the teachers in our schools and colleges than to think them incapable of understanding and discussing "variorum" citations. I will go even farther and repeat what I said on this point in the preface to *Henry VIII.*: "These textual questions are of interest to every student of Shakespeare, and my experience as a teacher has satisfied me that they may be profitably discussed even by boys and girls in school. Indeed, it sometimes happens that these babes in criticism are quick to see what is hidden from men reputed 'wise and prudent.' Their young eyes discern the simple truth through all the dust that successive generations of learned editors have raised in their quarrels about it." Of course there are many of these textual problems which neither the student nor the teacher could solve without critical aid; but after the critics have worked out their various solutions, it is an insult to the teacher, if not to the average student, to say that he is not competent to weigh the comparative value of these solutions. But, says the editor whom I have quoted, give only "the last results" of textual criticism. In nine cases out of ten there *are* no "last results" which the critics will agree in accepting; the problems are like those in "indeterminate analysis" which admit of more than one answer. The solutions, though widely different, have equal *authority*. When doctors thus disagree, shall an editor settle the question arbitrarily for his readers, or shall he furnish them the means of settling it for themselves? I choose the latter course, believing that they will find it at once more interesting and more profitable. An *ex cathedra* decision might save them some exercise of their own judgment, but I have no doubt that the majority of them will thank me for not presuming to do their thinking for them.

While I am referring to points in which my edition differs from others, let me again define my position with regard to "expurgation." As yet I have seen no reason for varying from my original plan of striking out such indecent or indelicate expressions as are always omitted on the stage, and would doubtless be deleted by the poet himself if he lived in our day; but I never substitute a word for one struck out or make any other change in the text. Other editors, English and American, take the liberty to change a word here and there, either giving no hint of the alteration, or enclosing the substituted word in brackets. The former course is liable to mislead the student; the latter calls

special attention to what is omitted, and thus partially defeats its own end. For instance, in i. 5. 45 of the present play, one school edition reads, "As there is no true [dishonour] but calamity, so beauty's a flower." It is not in human nature—at least, not in schoolboy nature—to leave an enigma like that "[dishonour]" unsolved; and the result is that the original "cuckold," which would hardly be noticed if left in the text, is hunted up in a complete edition, and the reasons for its omission are duly thought out. Again, in the same edition, in *Coriolanus*, i. 1. 99–152, "[stomach]" appears ten times in the passage in place of "belly;" where I see no more reason for changing the word than in the parable of the Prodigal in the 15th chapter of *Luke*. Shakespeare, I am confident, believed with Juvenal that "maxima debetur puero reverentia," and would have pruned his plays carefully in an edition for young readers, but he would have smiled at expurgation of this over-squeamish sort.

The omissions that are really required—at least in the plays I have already edited—are so few and slight that only those who are minutely familiar with the text are likely to detect them. No one can possibly want the omitted passages except for certain critical purposes, and it is absurd to suppose that a critical student would not have at least one complete edition of Shakespeare.

I will only add, in closing, that if up to this fourteenth volume of the series I have adhered to the plan formed at the start, it is because I have received so many assurances that teachers and students of Shakespeare have found the little books useful. I am also encouraged by the fact that they have been commended by such eminent Shakespearian critics as Furnivall, Dowden, Abbott, Child, and Furness. It will be my ambition to make the edition more and more worthy of the flattering reception it has met with.

Cambridge, July 25, 1879.

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STRATFORD CHURCH.

MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL, LONDON.

INTRODUCTION

TO

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

This play was first printed, so far as we know, in the folio of 1623, where it appears under the title of "Twelfe Night, Or what you will," and occupies pages 255–275 in the division of "Comedies."

The earliest reference to the play that has been found is in a MS. diary of John Manningham, a member of the Middle Temple, which is preserved in the British Museum (MSS. Harl. 5353). The passage reads thus:*

"Feb. 2, 1601 [–2]. At our feast, wee had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will. Much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechmi in Plautus; but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward beleive his lady widowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter as from his lady in general termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparaile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they tooke him to be mad," etc.

As *Twelfth Night* is not included in Meres's list of Shakespeare's plays in his *Palladis Tamia*,† we may infer that it was written between the publication of that book, in September, 1598, and February, 1602. It seems probable from Manningham's detailed description that it was comparatively a new play when he saw it; and we are inclined, with Furnivall and Stokes, to assign it to the year 1601.‡

The comedy is, on the whole, well printed in the folio, and the difficulties in the text are comparatively few. It is di-

* We give it as quoted by Furnivall in his Introduction to the "Leopold Shakspere," p. xvii. No two editors print it in precisely the same form (see our ed. of *A. Y. L.* p. 10, foot-note). Collier, Knight, and Staunton give "inscribing" for "in smiling," and H. omits the words.

It will be noticed that Manningham refers to Olivia as a "widowe." It is possible, as Collier suggests, that she was so represented in the comedy as first performed, or the writer may have been misled by the fact that she was in mourning for her brother. See also on iii. 4. 52 below.

† See the passage in our ed. of *M. N. D.* p. 9.

‡ Fleay, who dates the completion of the play in 1601, sees "clear indications in the metre that some parts of the Viola story were written much earlier—about 1594;" but this view has not been accepted by other recent critics.

vided into acts and scenes, but has no list of *dramatis personæ*.*

The name *Twelfth Night* was probably suggested by the time of its first production (Fleay), or by "its embodiment of the spirit of the Twelfth Night (twelfth after Christmas) sports and revels—a time devoted to festivity and merriment" (White). The second title, *Or What You Will*, seems to imply that the first has no special meaning, though Ulrici sees a subtle significance in it.†

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

There are two Italian plays entitled *Gl' Inganni* (The Cheats), published in the latter part of the 16th century, and containing incidents somewhat resembling those of *Twelfth Night*. In one of them the sister who assumes male apparel bears the name Cesare, which may have suggested Shakespeare's *Cesario*. A third Italian play, *Gl' Ingannati*, has even a closer likeness to *Twelfth Night*, and in its induction we find the name Malevolti, of which *Malvolio* may be a variation. The story is also found in one of Bandello's Novels (see our ed. of *Hamlet*, p. 13, or *Much Ado*, p. 11), and was translated by Belleforest into French in his *Histoires Tragiques*. Whether Shakespeare was indebted to these sources or not, he was acquainted with the version of the story by Barnaby Riche in his *Historie of Apolonius and Silla* in *Riche His Farewell to Militarie Profession* (1581), and from this he appears to have taken the main incidents of his plot and the mere skeleton of some of the characters. Malvolio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Fabian, the Clown, and Maria are entirely his own creation; as indeed all the other actors in the drama are in all that gives them life and individuality.

* See our ed. of *Othello*, p. 154.

† See half a page on the subject in his *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art* (Schmitz's trans. of 3d ed. vol. ii. p. 5).

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespear's Plays."**]

This is justly considered as one of the most delightful of Shakespear's comedies. It is full of sweetness and pleasantry. It is perhaps too good-natured for comedy. It has little satire, and no spleen. It aims at the ludicrous rather than the ridiculous. It makes us laugh at the follies of mankind, not despise them, and still less bear any ill-will towards them. Shakespear's comic genius resembles the bee rather in its power of extracting sweets from weeds or poisons than in leaving a sting behind it. He gives the most amusing exaggeration of the prevailing foibles of his characters, but in a way that they themselves, instead of being offended at, would almost join in to humour; he rather contrives opportunities for them to show themselves off in the happiest lights, than renders them contemptible in the perverse construction of the wit or malice of others. . . . Shakespear's comedy is of a pastoral and poetical cast. Folly is indigenous to the soil, and shoots out with native, happy, unchecked luxuriance. Absurdity has every encouragement afforded it; and nonsense has room to flourish in. Nothing is stunted by the churlish, icy hand of indifference or severity. The poet runs riot in a conceit, and idolizes a quibble. His whole object is to turn the meanest or rudest objects to a pleasurable account. The relish which he has of a pun, or of the quaint humour of a low character, does not interfere with the delight with which he describes a beautiful image or the most refined love. The Clown's forced jests do not spoil the sweetness of the character of Viola; the same house is big enough to hold Malvolio, the Countess, Maria, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek. For instance, nothing can fall much lower than this last character in intellect or

* *Characters of Shakespear's Plays*, by William Hazlitt, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 180 fol.

morals; yet how are his weaknesses nursed and dandled by Sir Toby into something "high fantastical," when on Sir Andrew's commendation of himself for dancing and fencing, Sir Toby answers: "Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? Are they like to take dust like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? . . . Is this a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was framed under the star of a galliard!" How Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown afterwards *chirp over their cups*, how they "rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver!" What can be better than Sir Toby's unanswerable answer to Malvolio, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" In a word, the best turn is given to everything, instead of the worst. There is a constant infusion of the romantic and enthusiastic, in proportion as the characters are natural and sincere: whereas, in the more artificial style of comedy, everything gives way to ridicule and indifference, there being nothing left but affectation on one side and incredulity on the other. Much as we like Shakespear's comedies, we cannot agree with Dr. Johnson that they are better than his tragedies; nor do we like them half so well. If his inclination to comedy sometimes led him to trifle with the seriousness of tragedy, the poetical and impassioned passages are the best parts of his comedies. The great and secret charm of *Twelfth Night* is the character of Viola. Much as we like catches and cakes and ale, there is something that we like better. We have a friendship for Sir Toby; we patronize Sir Andrew; we have an understanding with the Clown, a sneaking kindness for Maria and her rogueries; we feel a regard for Malvolio, and sympathize with his gravity, his smiles, his cross garters, his yellow stockings, and imprisonment in the stocks. But there is something that excites in

us a stronger feeling than all this — it is Viola's confession of her love:

> "*Duke.* And what 's her history?
> "*Viola. A blank, my lord; she never told her love:*
> She let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought,
> And with a green and yellow melancholy
> She sat like Patience on a monument,
> Smiling at grief. *Was not this love indeed?*
> We men say more, swear more; but indeed
> Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
> Much in our vows, but little in our love.
> "*Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
> "*Viola.* I am all the daughters of my father's house,
> And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not."

Shakespear alone could describe the effect of his own poetry:

> "O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour."

What we so much admire here is not the image of Patience on a monument, which has been generally quoted, but the lines before and after it. They "give a very echo to the seat where love is throned." How long ago it is since we first learned to repeat them; and still, still they vibrate on the heart, like the sounds which the passing wind draws from the trembling strings of a harp left on some desert shore!

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."**]

The situation and the character of Viola have been censured for their want of consistency and probability; it is therefore worth while to examine how far this criticism is true. As for her situation in the drama (of which she is properly the heroine), it is shortly this: She is shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria; she is alone and without protection in a strange country. She wishes to enter into the service

* American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 182 fol.

of the Countess Olivia; but she is assured that this is impossible; "for the lady, having recently lost an only and beloved brother, has abjured the sight of men, has shut herself up in her palace, and will admit no kind of suit." In this perplexity, Viola remembers to have heard her father speak with praise and admiration of Orsino, the Duke of the country; and having ascertained that he is not married, and that therefore his court is not a proper asylum for her in her feminine character, she attires herself in the disguise of a page, as the best protection against uncivil comments, till she can gain some tidings of her brother.

If we carry our thoughts back to a romantic and chivalrous age, there is surely sufficient probability here for all the purposes of poetry. To pursue the thread of Viola's destiny;—she is engaged in the service of the Duke, whom she finds "fancy-sick" for the love of Olivia. We are left to infer (for so it is hinted in the first scene) that this Duke—who, with his accomplishments and his personal attractions, his taste for music, his chivalrous tenderness, and his unrequited love, is really a very fascinating and poetical personage, though a little passionate and fantastic—had already made some impression on Viola's imagination; and, when she comes to play the confidante, and to be loaded with favours and kindness in her assumed character, that she should be touched by a passion made up of pity, admiration, gratitude, and tenderness, does not, I think, in any way detract from the genuine sweetness and delicacy of her character, for "*she never told her love.*"

Now all this, as the critic wisely observes, may not present a very just picture of life; and it may also fail to impart any moral lesson for the especial profit of well-bred young ladies: but is it not in truth and in nature? Did it ever fail to charm or to interest, to seize on the coldest fancy, to touch the most insensible heart?

Viola then is the chosen favourite of the enamoured Duke,

and becomes his messenger to Olivia, and the interpreter of his sufferings to that inaccessible beauty. In her character of a youthful page, she attracts the favour of Olivia, and excites the jealousy of her lord. The situation is critical and delicate; but how exquisitely is the character of Viola fitted to her part, carrying her through the ordeal with all the inward and spiritual grace of modesty! What beautiful propriety in the distinction drawn between Rosalind and Viola! The wild sweetness, the frolic humour which sports free and unblamed amid the shades of Ardennes, would ill become Viola, whose playfulness is assumed as part of her disguise as a court-page, and is guarded by the strictest delicacy. She has not, like Rosalind, a saucy enjoyment in her own incognito; her disguise does not sit so easily upon her; her heart does not beat freely under it. As in the old ballad, where "Sweet William" is detected weeping in secret over her "man's array,"* so in Viola a sweet consciousness of her feminine nature is forever breaking through her masquerade:

> "And on her cheek is ready with a blush
> Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
> The youthful Phœbus."

She plays her part well, but never forgets, nor allows us to forget, that she is playing a part.

"*Olivia.* Are you a comedian?

"*Viola.* No, my profound heart! and yet by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play!"

And thus she comments on it:

> "Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
> Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
> How easy is it for the proper-false
> In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
> Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we."

* *Percy's Reliques*, vol. iii. See the ballad of "The Lady turned Serving-man."

The feminine cowardice of Viola, which will not allow her even to affect a courage becoming her attire,—her horror at the idea of drawing a sword,—is very natural and characteristic; and produces a most humorous effect, even at the very moment it charms and interests us.

Contrasted with the deep, silent, patient love of Viola for the Duke, we have the lady-like wilfulness of Olivia; and her sudden passion, or rather fancy, for the disguised page takes so beautiful a colouring of poetry and sentiment that we do not think her forward. Olivia is like a princess of romance, and has all the privileges of one; she is, like Portia, high-born and high-bred, mistress over her servants—but not, like Portia, "queen o'er herself." She has never in her life been opposed; the first contradiction, therefore, rouses all the woman in her, and turns a caprice into a headlong passion; yet she apologizes for herself:

> "I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
> And laid mine honour too unchary out;
> There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
> But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
> That it but mocks reproof!"

And in the midst of her self-abandonment never allows us to contemn, even while we pity her:

> "What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
> That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?"

The distance of rank which separates the Countess from the youthful page—the real sex of Viola—the dignified elegance of Olivia's deportment, except where passion gets the better of her pride—her consistent coldness towards the Duke—the description of that "smooth, discreet, and stable bearing" with which she rules her household—her generous care for her steward Malvolio, in the midst of her own distress,—all these circumstances raise Olivia in our fancy, and render her caprice for the page a source of amusement and interest, not a subject of reproach. *Twelfth Night* is a gen-

uine comedy — a perpetual spring of the gayest and the sweetest fancies. In artificial society men and women are divided into castes and classes, and it is rarely that extremes in character or manners can approximate. To blend into one harmonious picture the utmost grace and refinement of sentiment and the broadest effects of humour, the most poignant wit and the most indulgent benignity, in short, to bring before us in the same scene Viola and Olivia, with Malvolio and Sir Toby, belonged only to Nature and to Shakspeare.

[*From Knight's "Pictorial Shakspere."**]

There is something to our minds very precious in that memorial of Shakspere which is preserved in the little table-book of the student of the Middle Temple: "Feb. 2, 1601. At our feast we had a play called *Twelve Night or what you will.*" What a scene do these few plain words call up before us! The Christmas festivities have lingered on till Candlemas. The Lord of Misrule has resigned his sceptre; the Fox and the Cat have been hunted round the hall; the Masters of the Revels have sung their songs; the drums are silent which lent their noisy chorus to the Marshal's proclamations; and Sir Francis Flatterer and Sir Randle Rackabite have passed into the ranks of ordinary men. But there is still a feast; and after the dinner a play; and that play Shakspere's *Twelfth Night.* And the actual roof under which the happy company of benchers, barristers, and students first listened to that joyous and exhilarating play, full of the truest and most beautiful humanities, especially fitted for a season of cordial mirthfulness, is still standing; and we may walk into that stately hall and think—Here Shakspere's *Twelfth Night* was acted in the Christmas of 1601; and here its exquisite poetry first fell upon the ear of some secluded scholar, and was to him as a fragrant flower bloom-

* Vol. ii. of *Comedies*, p. 183 fol.

ing amidst the arid sands of his Bracton and his Fleta; and here its gentle satire upon the vain and the foolish penetrated into the natural heart of some grave and formal dispenser of justice, and made him look with tolerance, if not with sympathy, upon the mistakes of less grave and formal men; and here its ever-gushing spirit of enjoyment—of fun without malice, of wit without grossness, of humour without extravagance—taught the swaggering, roaring, overgrown boy, miscalled student, that there were higher sources of mirth than affrays in Fleet Street, or drunkenness in Whitefriars. Venerable Hall of the Middle Temple, thou art to our eyes more stately and more to be admired since we looked upon that entry in the table-book of John Manningham! The Globe has perished, and so has the Blackfriars. The works of the poet who made the names of these frail buildings immortal need no associations to recommend them; but it is yet pleasant to know that there is one locality remaining where a play of Shakspere's was listened to by his contemporaries; and that play, *Twelfth Night*. . . .

It is scarcely necessary for us to enter into any analysis of the plot of this charming comedy, or attempt any dissection of its characters, for the purpose of opening to the reader new sources of enjoyment. It is impossible, we think, for one of ordinary sensibility to read through the first act without yielding himself up to the genial temper in which the entire play is written. "The sunshine of the breast" spreads its rich purple light over the whole champaign, and penetrates into every thicket and every dingle. From the first line to the last—from the Duke's

"That strain again; it had a dying fall,"

to the Clown's

"With hey, ho, the wind and the rain!"—

there is not a thought or a situation that is not calculated to call forth pleasurable feelings. The love-melancholy of

the Duke is a luxurious abandonment to one pervading impression—not a fierce and hopeless contest with one o'ermastering passion. It delights to lie "canopied with bowers,"—to listen to "old and antique" songs, which dally with its "innocence,"—to be "full of shapes," and "high fantastical." The love of Viola is the sweetest and tenderest emotion that ever informed the heart of the purest and most graceful of beings with a spirit almost divine. Perhaps in the whole range of Shakspere's poetry there is nothing which comes more unbidden into the mind, and always in connection with some image of the ethereal beauty of the utterer, than Viola's "she never told her love." The love of Olivia, wilful as it is, is not in the slightest degree repulsive. With the old stories before him, nothing but the refined delicacy of Shakspere's conception of the female character could have redeemed Olivia from approaching to the anti-feminine. But as it is, we pity her, and we rejoice with her. These are what may be called the serious characters, because they are the vehicles for what we emphatically call the poetry of the play. But the comic characters are to us equally poetical—that is, they appear to us not mere copies of the representatives of temporary or individual follies, but embodyings of the universal comic, as true and as fresh to-day as they were two centuries and a half ago. Malvolio is to our minds as poetical as Don Quixote; and we are by no means sure that Shakspere meant the poor cross-gartered steward *only* to be laughed at, any more than Cervantes did the knight of the rueful countenance. He meant us to pity him, as Olivia and the Duke pitied him; for, in truth, the delusion by which Malvolio was wrecked only passed out of the romantic into the comic through the manifestation of the vanity of the character in reference to his situation. But if we laugh at Malvolio, we are not to laugh ill-naturedly, for the poet has conducted all the mischief against him in a spirit in which there is no real malice at the bottom of the fun. Sir Toby

is a most genuine character—one given to strong potations and boisterous merriment; but with a humour about him perfectly irresistible. His *abandon* to the instant opportunity of laughing at and with others is something so thoroughly English that we are not surprised the poet gave him an English name. And like all genuine humorists, Sir Toby must have his butt. What a trio is presented in that glorious scene of the second act, where the two knights and the Clown "make the welkin dance"—the humorist, the fool, and the philosopher!—for Sir Andrew is the fool, and the Clown is the philosopher. We hold the Clown's epilogue song to be the most philosophical clown's song upon record; and a treatise might be written upon its wisdom. It is the history of a life, from the condition of "a little tiny boy," through "man's estate," to decaying age—"when I came into my bed;" and the conclusion is, that what is true of the individual is true of the species, and what was of yesterday was of generations long past away—for

"A great while ago the world begun."

[*From Verplanck's "Shakespeare."**]

We may safely fix the date of this comedy about the year 1600 or 1601, and class it among the later productions of that period of Shakespeare's life when his mind most habitually revelled in humorous delineation, while his luxuriant fancy, turning aside from the sterner and painful passions, shed its gayest tints over innumerable forms of grace and beauty. He seems, by his title of the *Twelfth Night*, to apprise his audience of the general character of this agreeable and varied comedy — a notice intelligible enough at that time, and still not without its significance in a great part of Europe, though quite otherwise among our un-holiday-keeping people on this side of the Atlantic. The *Twelfth Night*

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. ii. p. 6 of *Twelfth Night.*

(twelfth after Christmas) was, in the olden times, the season of universal festivity—of masques, pageants, feasts, and traditionary sports. This comedy then would not disappoint public expectation, when it was found to contain a delightful combination of the delicate fancy and romantic sentiment of the poetic masque, with a crowd of revelling, laughing, or laugh-creating personages, whose truth all would recognize, and whose spirit and fun no gravity could resist. He gave to these the revelling spirit, and the exaggeration of character necessary for the broadest comic effect, but still kept them from becoming mere buffoon masquers by a truth of portraiture which shows them all to be drawn from real life. Malvolio—the matchless Malvolio—was not only new in his day to comic delineation of any sort, but I believe has never since had his fellow or his copy in any succeeding play, poem, essay, or novel. The gravity, the acquirement, the real talent and accomplishment of the man, all made ludicrous, fantastical, and absurd by his intense vanity, is as true a conception as it is original and droll, and its truth may still be frequently attested by actual comparison with real Malvolios, to be found everywhere, from humble domestic life up to the high places of learning, of the State, and even of the Church. Sir Toby certainly comes out of the same associations where the poet saw Falstaff hold his revels. He is not Sir John, nor a fainter sketch of him, yet with an odd sort of family likeness to him. Dryden and other dramatists have felicitated themselves upon success in grouping together their comic underplots with their more heroic personages. But here all, grave and gay, the lovers, the laughers, and the laughed-at, are made to harmonize in one scene and one common purpose. I cannot help adding—though perhaps it may be a capricious over-refinement—that to my mind this comedy resembles *Macbeth*, in one of the marked characteristics of that great drama; appearing, like it, to have been been struck out at a heat, as if the whole plot, its

characters and dialogue, had presented themselves at once, in one harmonious group, before the "mind's eye" of the poet, previously to his actually commencing the formal business of writing, and bearing no indication either of an original groundwork of incident, afterwards enriched by the additions of a fuller mind, or of thoughts, situations, and characters accidentally suggested, or growing unexpectedly out of the story, as the author proceeded.

[*From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's Introduction to the Play.**]

Still one of the comedies of Shakspere's bright, sweet time.† True that we have to change Rosalind's rippling laugh for the drunken catches and bibulous drollery of Sir Toby Belch and his comrade, and Touchstone for the Clown; but the leading note of the play is fun, as if Shakspere had been able to throw off all thought of melancholy, and had devised Malvolio to help his friends "fleet the time carelessly," as they did in the golden world. Still though, as ever in the comedies, except *The Merry Wives*, there 's the shadow of death and distress across the sunshine. Olivia's father and brother just dead, Viola and Sebastian just rescued from one death, Viola threatend with another, and Antonio held a pirate and liable to death. And still the lesson is, as in *As You Like It*, "Sweet are the uses of adversity;" out of their trouble all the lovers come into happiness, into wedlock. The play at first sight is far less striking and interesting than *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*. No brilliant Beatrice or Benedick catches the eye, no sad Rosalind leaping into life and joyousness at the touch of assured love.

The self-conceited Malvolio is brought to the front, the drunkards and Clown come next; none of these touch any

* *The Leopold Shakspere* (London, 1877), p. lix.

† This passage follows the comments upon *As You Like It*, quoted in our edition of that play, page 23 fol. Here, as there, we have retained the author's orthography.

heart; and it 's not till we look past them that we feel the beauty of the characters who stand in half-light behind. Then we become conscious of a quiet harmony of colour and form that makes a picture full of charm, that grows on you as you study it, and becomes one of the possessions of your life. As the two last plays reach backward and forward, so does *Twelfth-Night:* to the earliest *Love's Labours Lost* for the cut at women's painting their faces that we find here; for its men forswearing for three years the company of women, and then of course admitting them and falling in love with the first ones they see, which is the prototype of Olivia abjuring for seven years the company of men, then soon admitting one (as is supposed), falling in love at first sight with him (though he 's a woman), and marrying his brother, whom she supposes to be he. For the pair of one family so like as to be mistaken for one another, we go back to the double Antipholus and the double Dromio of Shakspere's second play, *The Comedy of Errors*, which gives us, too, the incidents of both a wife (Antipholus's of Ephesus) and sweetheart (Dromio's of Syracuse) mistaking another man for her husband and her lover (though here Viola is only a woman disguised). To the same play we go for the refusal or denial of money when trusted to one by another, and for the members of a family sunderd by shipwreck, as we look on to *Pericles* for a somewhat like incident. In the *Errors* we get, too, the saving, though here only of one member of the family, by the binding to a mast. To *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we go for the parallel to Viola sent disguised as a page by Duke Orsino to woo Olivia for him, to the loving Julia sent by the man she loves (Proteus) to woo Sylvia for him. *Romeo and Juliet* gives us in the love-lorn Romeo repulst by Rosalind, and at once giving her up for Juliet, the match of Duke Orsino resigning the longd-for Olivia, and at the moment taking up Viola. *The Merchant of Venice* gives us another Antonio willing to give his

life for his friend Bassanio, just as here in *Twelfth-Night* Antonio* faces danger, nay, death, a pirate's due, for his love to his friend Sebastian. And to the same *Merchant* we surely go for recollections of the opening scene here,

> "That strain again! it had a dying fall;
> O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour,"

and for a parallel to the Duke's love of music through the play. *Henry IV.* gives us in Falstaff and his followers the company whence Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek come, as the Second Part of that play gives us Falstaff playing on Justice Shallow as Sir Toby in *Twelfth-Night* plays on Sir Andrew. Is not also Slender's echoing of Shallow in *Merry Wives* something like Sir Andrew echoing all Sir Toby's sayings here, and fancying himself a man for it? As to the reach forward of the play, I 've already alluded to its link with *Pericles*. It is to the *Sonnets* that we turn for a parallel to Viola's pleading with Olivia to marry the Duke, and not forbear to leave a copy of her beauty to the world, and to the *Sonnets* to his mistress for Shakspere's love of music; while to match Viola's entire devotion even to death to the Duke's most unjust will we must look forward, even past the *Sonnets*, to the true and loving Imogen's willingness to die in obedience to her deceived and headstrong husband's iniquitous sentence of death on her (*Cymb.* iii. 4. 65–79). Note, too, that it is with Perdita of *Winter's Tale* that Mrs. Jameson mainly compares Viola, though, as we have seen, Julia in *The Two Gentlemen* is in circumstances nearest her. The interest of this middle time of Shakspere's work is to me great, showing as it does the development of his early powers, the forecast of his later ones. It is at once the fulfilment of the old promise of his genius, and the prophecy of the new.

* The second self-sacrificing Antonio is Leonato's brother in *Much Ado*.

Viola is the true heroine of the play. She is sad for her brother's supposed death, yet she hopes with the hopefulness of youth and her own escape. She does n't mope or shut herself up like Olivia, but looks disaster full in the face, and at once takes practical steps for her future life. Sympathy with Olivia's loss draws her first to her; but as she can 't enter her service, she resolves to go into the Duke's (Shakspere's women of course take naturally to boys' disguises, because their characters were always acted by boys). She knows the Duke's love of music; she can sing. Her voice, like Cordelia's, was ever soft, gentle, and low, "an excellent thing in woman;" and in the Duke's love-lorn state, Viola is the very person for him. He wants sympathy, and she gives it him; into her gentle breast he pours the sorrows of his secret soul. Her pity for him opens her heart to him; but how bitter-sweet were his confidences to her! Still his happiness, not hers, is what she wants, and she 'll win it him, though in doing so she break her heart. Valentine has faild, but she 'll not fail: he was urged by duty, she by love. Olivia she *will* see and does see. (Notice the woman's curiosity to see her rival's face and compare it with her own, as Julia does Sylvia's picture after seeing her in *The Two Gentlemen:* both loved ones have, like Chaucer's ladies, "eyes grey as glass.") Then note how in pleading Orsino's cause, through all her words her own love for the Duke speaks, just as in Chaucer's description of his duke's love Blanche, the young poet describes and praises his own love. Note too the difference between the real love that Viola describes and the fancied love the Duke feels. Had his love been like Viola's, no refusal, no rebuff, would have kept him from Olivia's feet. (Contrast Viola's tenderness to Olivia with Rosalind's sharpness to Phœbe.) Then comes the touching scene between Viola and the Duke, where the music makes her speak masterly of love, where Shakspere reveals his own heart's history with his aged wife, and where Viola

herself, in answer to the Duke's fancied greatness of his love, gives him such hints of her own far deeper devotion to him that, though she never told her love, no man but one blinded by phantasm could have faild to catch the meaning of her words. But still she will appeal again to his unwilling love Olivia for him. Then comes the last scene. The man she loves, forgetting he 's a man, out of spite threatens her with death, and she will take it joyfully for him, whom she then declares she loves more than her life. At last the Duke, seeing that Olivia is impossible to him, turns to his friend and confidante, his half-self, now woman, and challenges the fulfilment of her oft-repeated vows. She denies them not, but confesses she loves him still. She has what she wills, and all is happiness and peace. The Duke has a fanciful nature like Olivia. He is one of your dreamy musical men, and Romeo is his parallel in the earlier time. Still he is a man not to be despised, one of a rich, beautiful, artistic nature, had music in his soul, loved flowers, would make a husband tender and true, and say the prettiest, sweetest things to his wife. Malvolio, the affectioned ass, the sharp-tongued Maria, who 'd have all her work to do as my Lady to keep Sir Toby sober, the clown who sings the capital songs, and all the rest, we must, alas! pass over.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The Hall of the Middle Temple (see the cut on p. 9 above) was built in 1572, while Edmund Plowden, the eminent jurist, was Treasurer of the Inn. It is 100 feet long, 42 feet wide, and 47 feet high; and the roof is the best specimen of Elizabethan architecture in London. The handsome screen is said to have been made from the spoils of the Spanish Armada in 1588, but it was set up thirteen years before that date.

Hawthorne, in his *English Note-Books*, gives the following description of the hall:

"Truly it is a most magnificent apartment; very lofty, so lofty, indeed, that the antique roof is quite hidden, as regards all its details, in the sombre gloom that broods under its rafters. The hall is lighted by four great windows on each of the two sides, descending half-way from the ceiling to the floor, leaving all beneath enclosed by oaken panelling,

which on three sides is carved with escutcheons of such members of the society as have held the office of reader. There is likewise in a large recess or transept a great window occupying the full height of the hall and splendidly emblazoned with the arms of the Templars who have attained to the dignity of Chief-justices. The other windows are pictured, in like manner, with coats of arms of local dignities connected with the Temple; and besides all these there are arched lights, high towards the roof, at either end, full of richly and chastely coloured glass, and all the illumination that the great hall had came through these glorious panes, and they seemed the richer for the sombreness in which we stood. I cannot describe, or even intimate, the effect of this transparent glory, glowing down upon us in the gloomy depth of the hall. The screen at the lower end is of carved oak, very dark and highly polished, and as old as Queen Elizabeth's time. The keeper told us that the story of the Armada was said to be represented in these carvings, but in the imperfect light we could trace nothing of it out. . . . I am reluctant to leave this hall without expressing how grave, how grand, how sombre, and how magnificent I felt it to be. As regards historical associations, it was a favourite dancing-hall of Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Christopher Hatton danced himself into her good graces there."

The feasts of Christmas, Halloween, Candlemas, and Ascension were formerly celebrated here with great magnificence. A Master of the Revels was chosen, and the Lord Chancellor, Judges, and Benchers opened the sports by dancing thrice around the sea-coal fire.

> "Full oft within the spacious walls,
> When he had fifty winters o'er him,
> My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
> The Seal and Maces danc'd before him."

This judicial foolery was satirized by Buckingham in *The Rehearsal*, by Prior in his *Alma*, and by Donne in his *Satires;* and Pope has his fling at it in the *Dunciad:*

> "The judge to dance, his brother serjeant calls."

It was in this hall at dinner-time that Mr. Richard Martin, the Bencher to whom Ben Jonson dedicated his *Poetaster*, was thrashed by Sir John Davies, who for this display of unruly temper was expelled from the Society.

Shakespeare alludes to the hall in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 223, where the Prince says to Falstaff, "Meet me to-morrow in the Temple Hall at two o'clock in the afternoon;" and again in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 3, where the scene is laid in the Temple Gardens, and Suffolk says to Plantagenet:

> "Within the Temple Hall we were too loud;
> The garden here is more convenient."

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the
CURIO, } Duke.
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, } servants to Olivia.
FESTE, a Clown, }
OLIVIA.
VIOLA.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.
Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.*

– Commenced April 14th 1882 –

SPALATRO.

This is Illyria, lady (i. 2. 2).

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and other* Lords; Musicians *attending*.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall; cadence
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound this is not absurd ~~and is~~
That breathes upon a bank of violets, ~~so used of sweet odours~~
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more: But how can sound
'T is not so sweet now as it was before. give odor? South wind
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou, is liable to give odor and
That, notwithstanding thy capacity steal also Sound is a better

18 plays were only printed in folio and the rest ~~were~~ [reading the only]
features & speaks of
South as foggy

Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

Curio. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Curio. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have;
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her?

Valentine. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine; all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd—
Her sweet perfections—with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers!
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, *a* Captain, *and* Sailors.

Viola. What country, friends, is this?

Captain. This is Illyria, lady.

Viola. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, sailors?

Captain. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

Viola. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

Captain. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Viola. For saying so, there 's gold;
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Captain. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Viola. Who governs here?

Captain. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Viola. What is his name?

Captain. Orsino.

Viola. Orsino! I have heard my father name him;
He was a bachelor then.

Captain. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,

And then 't was fresh in murmur—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Viola. What 's she?

Captain. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Viola. O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Captain. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Viola. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee,—and I 'll pay thee bounteously,—
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Captain. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Viola. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Olivia's House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir Toby. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care 's an enemy to life.

Maria. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir Toby. Why, let her except before excepted.

Maria. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir Toby. Confine! I 'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Maria. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir Toby. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Maria. Ay, he.

Sir Toby. He 's as tall a man as any 's in Illyria.

Maria. What 's that to the purpose?

Sir Toby. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Maria. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats; he 's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir Toby. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Maria. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir Toby. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Maria. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir Toby. With drinking healths to my niece; I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he 's a coward and a coystril that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench!—Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir Andrew. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir Toby. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir Andrew. Bless you, fair shrew!

Maria. And you too, sir.

Sir Toby. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir Andrew. What 's that?

Sir Toby. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir Andrew. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Maria. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir Andrew. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir Toby. You mistake, knight; accost is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir Andrew. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Maria. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir Toby. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again!

Sir Andrew. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again! Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Maria. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir Andrew. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.

Maria. Now, sir, thought is free; I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir Andrew. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what 's your metaphor?

Maria. It 's dry, sir.

Sir Andrew. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

Maria. A dry jest, sir.

Sir Andrew. Are you full of them?

Maria. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends; marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary! when did I see thee so put down?

Sir Andrew. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir Toby. No question.

Sir Andrew. An I thought that, I 'd forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir Andrew. What is pourquoi? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting! O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir Toby. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir Andrew. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir Toby. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir Andrew. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir Toby. Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee and spin it off.

Sir Andrew. Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby. Your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it 's four to one she 'll none of me: the count himself here hard by wooes her.

Sir Toby. She 'll none o' the count. She 'll not match

above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir Andrew. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir Toby. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir Andrew. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir Toby. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir Andrew. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir Toby. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir Andrew. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir Toby. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir Andrew. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir Toby. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir Andrew. Taurus! That 's sides and heart.

Sir Toby. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher! ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Valentine. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Viola. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Valentine. No, believe me.

Viola. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Viola. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Viola. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Viola. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith.
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Viola. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt

For this affair.—Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company.—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Viola. I 'll do my best
To woo your lady.—[*Aside*] Yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

Exeunt.

Scene V. *Olivia's House.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Maria. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clown. Let her hang me; he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Maria. Make that good.

Clown. He shall see none to fear.

Maria. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of 'I fear no colours.'

Clown. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Maria. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clown. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Maria. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clown. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Maria. You are resolute, then?

Clown. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Maria. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clown. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way;

if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Maria. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Clown. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'—

Enter Lady Olivia *with* Malvolio.

God bless thee, lady!

Olivia. Take the fool away.

Clown. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Olivia. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clown. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that 's mended is but patched; virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty 's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Olivia. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clown. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non facit monachum; that 's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Olivia. Can you do it?

Clown. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Olivia. Make your proof.

Clown. I must catechise you for it, madonna; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Olivia. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I 'll bide your proof.

Clown. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Olivia. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Olivia. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clown. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Olivia. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Malvolio. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him; infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clown. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Olivia. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Malvolio. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Olivia. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clown. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Maria. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Olivia. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Maria. I know not, madam; 't is a fair young man, and well attended.

Olivia. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Maria. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Olivia. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him!—[*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it.—[*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clown. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for, —here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter SIR TOBY.

Olivia. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir Toby. A gentleman.

Olivia. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir Toby. 'T is a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring!—How now, sot!

Clown. Good Sir Toby!

Olivia. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir Toby. Lechery! I defy lechery. There 's one at the gate.

Olivia. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir Toby. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Olivia. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one

draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Olivia. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drowned: go, look after him.

Clown. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Malvolio. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Olivia. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Malvolio. He has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Olivia. What kind o' man is he?

Malvolio. Why, of mankind.

Olivia. What manner of man?

Malvolio. Of very ill manner; he 'll speak with you, will you or no.

Olivia. Of what personage and years is he?

Malvolio. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Olivia. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Malvolio. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Olivia. Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face.
We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA, *and* Attendants.

Viola. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Olivia. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Viola. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage. 165

Olivia. Whence came you, sir?

Viola. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech. 170

Olivia. Are you a comedian?

Viola. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Olivia. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Viola. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission; I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message. 179

Olivia. Come to what is important in 't; I forgive you the praise.

Viola. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Olivia. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you

be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Maria. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Viola. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. —Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Olivia. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Viola. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Olivia. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Viola. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Olivia. Give us the place alone; we will hear this divinity.—[*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Viola. Most sweet lady,—

Olivia. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Viola. In Orsino's bosom.

Olivia. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Viola. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Olivia. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Viola. Good madam, let me see your face.

Olivia. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present; is 't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*

Viola. Excellently done, if God did all.

Olivia. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

Viola. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Olivia. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Viola. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Olivia. How does he love me?

Viola. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Olivia. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Viola. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Olivia. Why, what would you?

Viola. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,

And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
Olivia. You might do much.
What is your parentage?
Viola. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
I am a gentleman.
Olivia. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; spend this for me.
Viola. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*
Olivia. What is your parentage?
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
I am a gentleman.' I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.—Not too fast! soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Malvolio. Here, madam, at your service.

Olivia. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not; tell him I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.
Malvolio. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Olivia. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so! [*Exit.*

D

THE SEA-COAST NEAR SPALATRO.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Antonio. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Sebastian. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you. 7

Antonio. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Sebastian. No, sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Antonio. Alas the day!

Sebastian. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Antonio. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Sebastian. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Antonio. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.

Sebastian. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once; my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court; farewell. [*Exit.*

Antonio. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO *following.*

Malvolio. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Viola. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Malvolio. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him; and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Viola. She took the ring of me; I 'll none of it.

Malvolio. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[*Exit.*

Viola. I left no ring with her; what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man; if it be so, as 't is,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Olivia's House.*

Enter SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW.

Sir Toby. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

Sir Andrew. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir Toby. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir Andrew. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir Toby. Thou 'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir Andrew. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clown. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir Toby. Welcome, ass. Now let 's have a catch.

Sir Andrew. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast

in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman; hadst it?

Clown. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir Andrew. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir Toby. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let 's have a song.

Sir Andrew. There 's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir Toby. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir Andrew. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clown. [Sings]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir Andrew. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir Toby. Good, good.

Clown. [Sings]

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

Sir Andrew. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir Toby. A contagious breath.

Sir Andrew. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir Toby. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir Andrew. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir Andrew. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Clown. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir Andrew. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

Clown. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir Andrew. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*

Enter MARIA.

Maria. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir Toby. My lady 's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio 's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady! [*Sings*] 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

Clown. Beshrew me, the knight 's in admirable fooling.

Sir Andrew. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir Toby. [*Sings*] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

Maria. For the love of God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Malvolio. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like

tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir Toby. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Malvolio. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she 's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir Toby. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Maria. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clown. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Malvolio. Is 't even so?

Sir Toby. 'But I will never die.'

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Malvolio. This is much credit to you.

Sir Toby. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clown. 'What an if you do?'

Sir Toby. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clown. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir Toby. Out o' time, sir? ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir Toby. Thou 'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.—A stoup of wine, Maria!

Malvolio. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[*Exit.*

Maria. Go shake your ears.

Sir Andrew. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir Toby. Do t', knight! I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Maria. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir Toby. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

Maria. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir Andrew. O, if I thought that, I 'd beat him like a dog!

Sir Toby. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir Andrew. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Maria. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swaths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him: and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir Toby. What wilt thou do?

Maria. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir Toby. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir Andrew. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir Toby. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him.

Maria. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir Andrew. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Maria. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir Andrew. O, 't will be admirable!

Maria. Sport royal, I warrant you; I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir Andrew. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir Toby. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

Sir Andrew. I was adored once too.

Sir Toby. Let 's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir Andrew. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir Toby. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir Andrew. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir Toby. Come, come, I 'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The Duke's Palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music.—Now, good morrow, friends.—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,

That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

Curio. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Curio. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.—

[*Exit Curio. Music plays.*

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Viola. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Viola. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and* Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.—
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clown. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

Song.

Clown. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clown. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clown. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 't is that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Viola. But if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Viola. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Viola. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Viola. Too well what love women to men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history?

Viola. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viola. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Olivia's Garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir Toby. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fabian. Nay, I 'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir Toby. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fabian. I would exult, man; you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir Toby. To anger him we 'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue:—shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir Andrew. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir Toby. Here comes the little villain.—

Enter Maria.

How now, my metal of India!

Maria. Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio 's coming down this walk. He has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting!—Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Malvolio. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir Toby. Here 's an overweening rogue!

Fabian. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him! how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir Andrew. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir Toby. Peace, I say.

Malvolio. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir Toby. Ah, rogue?

Sir Andrew. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir Toby. Peace, peace!

Malvolio. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir Andrew. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fabian. O, peace! now he 's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Malvolio. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir Toby. O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Malvolio. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir Toby. Fire and brimstone!

Fabian. O, peace, peace!

Malvolio. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,—

Sir Toby. Bolts and shackles!

Fabian. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Malvolio. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—

Sir Toby. Shall this fellow live?

Fabian. Though our silence be drawn from us by th' ears, yet peace.

Malvolio. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir Toby. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Malvolio. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir Toby. What, what?

Malvolio. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir Toby. Out, scab!

Fabian. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Malvolio. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir Andrew. That 's me, I warrant you.

Malvolio. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir Andrew. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

Malvolio. What employment have we here? [*Taking up the letter.*

Fabian. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir Toby. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Malvolio. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir Andrew. Her C's, her U's, and her T's; why that?

Malvolio. [Reads] '*To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes.*'—Her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal; 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

Fabian. This wins him, liver and all.

Malvolio. [Reads] '*Jove knows I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move;

No man must know.'

'*No man must know.*'—What follows? the numbers altered!—'*No man must know.*'—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir Toby. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Malvolio. [Reads]

'*I may command where I adore;*
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'

Fabian. A fustian riddle!

Sir Toby. Excellent wench, say I.

Malvolio. '*M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*'—Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fabian. What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir Toby. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Malvolio. '*I may command where I adore.*'—Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me, —Softly! *M, O, A, I,*—

Sir Toby. O, ay, make up that!—he is now at a cold scent.

Fabian. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Malvolio. *M,*—Malvolio; *M,*—why, that begins my name.

Fabian. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Malvolio. *M,*—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fabian. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir Toby. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Malvolio. And then *I* comes behind.

Fabian. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Malvolio. *M, O, A, I;* this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[Reads] '*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered; I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,* 145

The Fortunate-Unhappy.'

Daylight and champaign discovers not more; this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. 158

[Reads] '*Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.*'

Jove, I thank thee!—I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fabian. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir Toby. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir Andrew. So could I too.

Sir Toby. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir Andrew. Nor I neither.

Fabian. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir Toby. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir Andrew. Or o' mine either?

Sir Toby. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir Andrew. I' faith, or I either?

Sir Toby. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Maria. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir Toby. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Maria. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings,—and 't is a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered,—a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir Toby. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir Andrew. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service (iii. 3. 26).

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Olivia's Garden.*

Enter VIOLA *and* Clown *with a tabor.*

Viola. Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No sir, I live by the church.

Viola. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Viola. So thou mayest say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clown. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence

is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Viola. Nay, that 's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Viola. Why, man?

Clown. Why, sir, her name 's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Viola. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Viola. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Viola. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband 's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Viola. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.

Viola. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's expenses for thee

Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Viola. By my troth, I 'll tell thee, I am almost sick for

one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Viola. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clown. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Viola. I understand you, sir; 't is well begged.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin,—I might say element, but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Viola. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
Not, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men's folly shown quite taints their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW.

Sir Toby. Save you, gentleman.

Viola. And you, sir.

Sir Andrew. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Viola. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir Andrew. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir Toby. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Viola. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir Toby. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Viola. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir Toby. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Viola. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.—

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir Andrew. That youth 's a rare courtier. 'Rain odours!' well!

Viola. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir Andrew. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and 'vouchsafed:' I 'll get 'em all three all ready.

Olivia. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.—[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Viola. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Olivia. What is your name?

Viola. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Olivia. My servant, sir! 't was never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment;
You 're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Viola. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Olivia. For him, I think not on him; for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Viola. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Olivia. O, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Viola. Dear lady,—

Olivia. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours; what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Viola. I pity you.

Olivia. That 's a degree to love.

Viola. No, not a grise; for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Olivia. Why, then, methinks 't is time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.—
There lies your way, due west.

Viola. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Olivia. Stay!
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

Viola. That you do think you are not what you are.

Olivia. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Viola. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Olivia. I would you were as I would have you be!

Viola. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Olivia. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murtherous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid; love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,—
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Viola. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Olivia. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Olivia's House.*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, *and* Fabian.

Sir Andrew. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir Toby. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fabian. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me: I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir Toby. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir Andrew. As plain as I see you now.

Fabian. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir Andrew. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fabian. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir Toby. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor. 16

Fabian. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy. 27

Sir Andrew. An 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir Toby. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fabian. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him? 38

Sir Toby. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the license of ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir Andrew. Where shall I find you?

Sir Toby. We 'll call thee at the cubiculo; go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fabian. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fabian. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you 'll not deliver 't?

Sir Toby. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fabian. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir Toby. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Maria. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings.

Sir Toby. And cross-gartered?

Maria. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him, like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him; he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 't is. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he 'll smile and take 't for a great favour.

Sir Toby. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Street.*

Enter Sebastian *and* Antonio.

Sebastian. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Antonio. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Sebastian. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Antonio. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging.

Sebastian. I am not weary, and 't is long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Antonio. Would you 'd pardon me!
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Sebastian. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Antonio. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Sebastian. Do not then walk too open.

Antonio. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge; I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Sebastian. Why I your purse?

Antonio. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Sebastian. I 'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Antonio. To the Elephant.

Sebastian. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Olivia's Garden.*

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Olivia. I have sent after him; he says he 'll come.
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

Maria. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Olivia. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave?

Maria. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Olivia. Go call him hither.—[*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Re-enter MARIA, *with* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Malvolio. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Olivia. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Malvolio. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'

Olivia. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Malvolio. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.—It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed; I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Olivia. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Malvolio. To bed! ay, sweet-heart, and I 'll come to thee.

Olivia. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Maria. How do you, Malvolio?

Malvolio. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Maria. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Malvolio. 'Be not afraid of greatness;'—'t was well writ.

Olivia. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Malvolio. 'Some are born great,'—

Olivia. Ha!

Malvolio. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Olivia. What sayest thou?

Malvolio. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Olivia. Heaven restore thee!

Malvolio. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Olivia. Thy yellow stockings!

Malvolio. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Olivia. Cross-gartered! 49

Malvolio. 'Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'—

Olivia. Am I made?

Malvolio. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Olivia. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Olivia. I 'll come to him.—[*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where 's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. 61

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*

Malvolio. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how: as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to;' fellow! not Mal-

volio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance, —what can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir Toby. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I 'll speak to him.

Fabian. Here he is, here he is.—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Malvolio. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off.

Maria. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Malvolio. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir Toby. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil; consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

Malvolio. Do you know what you say?

Maria. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fabian. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Maria. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

Malvolio. How now, mistress!

Maria. O Lord!

Sir Toby. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fabian. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir Toby. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Malvolio. Sir!

Sir Toby. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

Maria. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Malvolio. My prayers, minx!

Maria. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Malvolio. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things. I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. Is 't possible?

Fabian. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir Toby. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Maria. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fabian. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Maria. The house will be the quieter.

Sir Toby. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fabian. More matter for a May morning.

Sir Andrew. Here 's the challenge, read it; I warrant there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fabian. Is 't so saucy?

Sir Andrew. Ay, is 't, I warrant him; do but read.

Sir Toby. Give me. [Reads] '*Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*'

Fabian. Good, and valiant.

Sir Toby. [Reads] '*Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.*'

Fabian. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir Toby. [Reads] '*Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*'

Fabian. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir Toby. [Reads] '*I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,*'—

Fabian. Good.

Sir Toby. [Reads] '*Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.*'

Fabian. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir Toby. [Reads] '*Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,* ANDREW AGUECHEEK.' If this letter move him not, his legs cannot; I 'll give 't him.

Maria. You may have very fit occasion for 't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir Toby. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir Andrew. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good

capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA.

Fabian. Here he comes with your niece; give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir Toby. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Olivia. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on 't:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Viola. With the same haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Olivia. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture:
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

Viola. Nothing but this,—your true love for my master.

Olivia. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Viola. I will acquit you.

Olivia. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir Toby. Gentleman, God save thee.

Viola. And you, sir.

Sir Toby. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly. 214

Viola. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir Toby. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal. 221

Viola. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir Toby. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Viola. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour; belike this is a man of that quirk. 232

Sir Toby. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you. 239

Viola. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir Toby. I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Viola. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fabian. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Viola. I beseech you, what manner of man is he? 250

Fabian. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Viola. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight; I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW.

Sir Toby. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir Andrew. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir Toby. Ay, but he will not now be pacified; Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir Andrew. Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'd have seen him damned ere I 'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, grey Capilet. 272

Sir Toby. I 'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on 't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.—

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[*To Fabian*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

Fabian. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir Toby. [*To Viola*] There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Viola. [*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fabian. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir Toby. Come, Sir Andrew, there 's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

Sir Andrew. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Viola. I do assure you, 't is against my will. [*They draw.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Antonio. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir Toby. You, sir! why, what are you?

Antonio. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir Toby. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[*They draw.*

Enter Officers.

Fabian. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir Toby. I 'll be with you anon.

Viola. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir Andrew. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word; he will bear you easily and reins well.

1 *Officer.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Officer.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Antonio. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Officer.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Antonio. I must obey.—[*To Viola*] This comes with seeking you:
But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2 *Officer.* Come, sir, away.

Antonio. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Viola. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something. My having is not much;
I 'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there 's half my coffer.

Antonio. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you merits
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Viola. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Antonio. O heavens themselves!

2 *Officer.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Antonio. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Officer.* What 's that to us? The time goes by; away!

Antonio. But O how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 *Officer.* The man grows mad; away with him!—Come, come, sir.

Antonio. Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*

Viola. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir Toby. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Viola. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so

In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian. 373

Fabian. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir Andrew. 'Slid, I 'll after him again and beat him.

Sir Toby. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir Andrew. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fabian. Come, let 's see the event.

Sir Toby. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

Into the chantry by (iv. 3. 24).

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Olivia's House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* Clown.

Clown. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Sebastian. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Sebastian. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else; Thou know'st not me.

Clown. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Sebastian. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There 's money for thee; if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir Andrew. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you.

Sebastian. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

Sir Toby. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight; I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir Andrew. Nay, let him alone: I 'll go another way to work with him; I 'll have an action of battery against him,

if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.

Sebastian. Let go thy hand.

Sir Toby. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Sebastian. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir Toby. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA.

Olivia. Hold, Toby; on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir Toby. Madam!

Olivia. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!—
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—
Rudesby, be gone!—

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Sebastian. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Olivia. Nay, come, I prithee; would thou 'dst be rul'd by me!

Sebastian. Madam, I will.

Olivia. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Olivia's House.*

Enter Maria *and* Clown.

Maria. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I 'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

Clown. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby *and* Maria.

Sir Toby. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clown. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;' so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is that but that, and is but is?

Sir Toby. To him, Sir Topas.

Clown. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir Toby. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Malvolio. [*Within*] Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Malvolio. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir Toby. Well said, master Parson.

Malvolio. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Malvolio. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stores towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Malvolio. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Malvolio. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Malvolio. That the soul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Malvolio. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness; thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Malvolio. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir Toby. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters.

Maria. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir Toby. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him; I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

Clown. [Singing] '*Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,*
Tell me how thy lady does.'

Malvolio. Fool!

Clown. '*My lady is unkind, perdy.*'

Malvolio. Fool!

Clown. '*Alas, why is she so?*'

Malvolio. Fool, I say!

Clown. '*She loves another*'—Who calls, ha?

Malvolio. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clown. Master Malvolio?

Malvolio. Ay, good fool.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Malvolio. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Malvolio. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Malvolio. Sir Topas!

Clown. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—[Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas.]—Marry, amen.—[I will, sir, I will.]

Malvolio. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

Clown. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Malvolio. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Malvolio. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clown. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Malvolio. Believe me I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Malvolio. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree; I prithee, be gone.

Clown. [Singing] *I am gone, sir,*
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *Olivia's Garden.*

Enter Sebastian.

Sebastian. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad
Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There 's something in 't
That is deceivable.—But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia *and* Priest.

Olivia. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,

What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?
Sebastian. I 'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Olivia. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

STRATFORD CHURCH—THE AVENUE.

My lord, I do protest,— (v. 1. 164).

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before Olivia's House.*

Enter Clown *and* FABIAN.

Fabian. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clown. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fabian. Any thing.

Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fabian. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there 's gold.

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer; there 's another.

Clown. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clown. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Viola. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable; valuables
With which such scathful grapple did he make Perilous
With the most noble bottom of our fleet, remain in Insurance
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him.—What 's the matter?

1 *Officer.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state, Reckless as to her
In private brabble did we apprehend him. grace and condition
Viola. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side; 60
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me: address not
I know not what 't was but distraction. impute here

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear, grievous
Hast made thine enemies?

Antonio. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: 70
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,

From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-year-removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Viola. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Antonio. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia *and* Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—
But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Olivia. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Viola. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Olivia. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Viola. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Olivia. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Olivia. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Olivia. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Viola. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Olivia. Where goes Cesario?

Viola. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.—
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Olivia. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Viola. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Olivia. Hast thou forgot thyself! is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away!

Olivia. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband!

Olivia. Ay, husband; can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah!

Viola. No, my lord, not I.

Olivia. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety!
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up:
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony;
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Viola. My lord, I do protest—

Olivia. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir Andrew. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Olivia. What 's the matter?

Sir Andrew. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too; for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Olivia. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir Andrew. The count's gentleman, one Cesario; we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir Andrew. 'Od's lifelings, here he is!—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Viola. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir Andrew. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentlemen! how is 't with you?

Sir Toby. That 's all one; he has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clown. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir Toby. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin. I hate a drunken rogue.

Olivia. Away with him!—Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir Andrew. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

Sir Toby. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Olivia. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Sebastian. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Sebastian. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

Antonio. Sebastian are you?

Sebastian. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Antonio. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Olivia. Most wonderful!

Sebastian. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Viola. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Sebastian. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!

Viola. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Sebastian. And so had mine.

Viola. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Sebastian. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Viola. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I 'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Sebastian. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have been
mistook;
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wrack.—
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Viola. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Viola. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments; he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Olivia. He shall enlarge him.—Fetch Malvolio hither;—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.

Re-enter Clown *with a letter, and* FABIAN.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Olivia. Open 't, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [Reads] '*By the Lord, madam,*'—

Olivia. How now! art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

Olivia. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Olivia. [*To Fabian*] Read it you, sirrah.

Fabian. [Reads] '*By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it; though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO.'

Olivia. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Olivia. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.—

[*Exit Fabian.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Olivia. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Olivia. Ay, my lord, this same.—
How now, Malvolio!

Malvolio. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Olivia. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Malvolio. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention.
You can say none of this: well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Olivia. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character;
But out of question 't is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fabian. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ

The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Olivia. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clown. Why, 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one.—'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.'—But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he 's gagged.' And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Malvolio. I 'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*

Olivia. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him and entreat him to a peace.
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

Clown. [Sings]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

— Ended May 5th 1882 —

WEIR WALK, STRATFORD.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
Coll., Collier (second edition).
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
D., Dyce (second edition).
H., Hudson (first edition).
Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
K., Knight (second edition).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Theo., Theobald.
W., White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for *Twelfth Night*) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of Crowell's reprint of that ed.

NOTES.

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones (ii. 4 44).

ACT I.

SCENE I.—1. *If music*, etc. Halliwell quotes *The Squire of Alsatia*, 1688: "Remember Shakespear; 'If musick be the food of love, play on' —There 's nothing nourishes that soft passion like it; it imps his wings, and makes him fly a higher pitch."

2. *Give me excess*, etc. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 220: "And now excess of it will make me surfeit;" and *Oth.* ii. 1. 50: "my hopes, not surfeited to death."

4. *Fall.* Cadence. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 251:

"At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd."

Holt White quotes Pope, *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day:*

"The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall."

and Thomson, *Spring*, 722:

"still at every dying fall
Takes up the lamentable strain."

5. *Sound.* The folio reading, for which Pope substituted "south," which the Coll. MS. also gives. Schmidt explains *sound* as "the sweet talk of lovers upon a bank of violets, perfuming the air and perfumed by it." K. thus defends the old reading: "Let us consider whether S. was most likely to have written *sound* or *south*, which involves the question of which is the better word. Steevens tells us that the thought might have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia* (book i.), and he quotes a part of the passage. We must look, however, at the context. Sidney writes, 'Her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer.' The comparison is here direct. The sweet breath of Urania is more sweet than the gentle south-west wind. Sidney adds, 'and yet is nothing, compared to the honey-flowing speech that breath doth carry.' The music of the speech is not here compared with the music of the wind—the notion of fragrance is alone conveyed. If in the passage of the text we read *south* instead of *sound*, the conclusion of the sentence, 'Stealing, and giving odour,' rests upon the mind; and the comparison becomes an indirect one between the harmony of the dying fall and the odour of the breeze that had passed over a bank of violets. This, we think, is not what the poet meant. He desired to compare one sound with another sound. Milton had probably this passage in view when he wrote:

'Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and *whisper* whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.'

The image in Milton, as well as in Shakspere, combines the notion of sound as well as fragrance. In Shakspere, 'the sound that breathes'—the soft murmur of the breeze playing amid beds of flowers—is put first, because of the 'dying fall' of the exquisite harmony; but in Milton the 'perfumes' of the 'gentle gales' are more prominent than 'the whisper,' because the image is complete in itself, unconnected with what precedes. Further, Shakspere has nowhere else made the *south* an odour-breathing wind; his other representations are directly contrary. In *As You Like It*, Rosalind says:

'You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like *foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?*'

In *Romeo and Juliet* we have the 'dew-dropping *south*.' In *Cymbeline*, 'the *south-fog* rot him.' We prefer, therefore, on all accounts, to hold to the original text." W. remarks: "*Sound* appears in the authentic text, and, to say the least, is comprehensible and appropriate, and is therefore not to be disturbed, except by those who hold that S. must have written that which they think best. But did Pope, or the editors who have followed him, ever lie musing on the sward at the edge of a wood, and hear the low sweet hum of the summer air, as it kissed the coyly-shrinking wild flowers upon the banks, and passed on loaded with fragrance from the sweet salute? If they ever did, how could they make this change of *sound* to *south?* and if they never did, they are unable to entirely appreciate the passage, much less to improve it."

When the folio reading can be so eloquently defended we do not feel justified in departing from it; but we nevertheless have our doubts whether S. wrote *sound*. It is a serious objection to *south* that (as we have noted in *A. Y. L.* p. 183) he always refers to that wind as bringing fog and rain. If he employed the word here, it may have been, as St. suggests, not in the sense of *south wind*, but "as *south*, *sowth*, or *sough* is used in the North, to signify the soft whisper of the breeze." Dunbar, the Scotch poet, says:

> "The soft south of the swyre, and sound of the stremes,
> The sweit savour of the swairde, and singing of fewlis,
> Might comfort any creature of the kyn of Adam."

If we retain *sound*, we must make it refer, as K. and W. do, to the sweet murmur of the breeze. This was doubtless what Pope understood to be the meaning of the simile. It is not likely that, in substituting *south*, he intended to make the comparison between the effect of music on the ear and that of fragrance on the sense of smell. Why then did he think it necessary to make any change in the *expression* of the simile? Because as a poet he felt that it was more poetical to refer to the wind, the personified source of the sound, as breathing on the bank of violets, than to speak of the "sound" itself. The difference seems to us *almost* that between poetry and prose. We cannot agree with K. that the substitution of *south* gives too much prominence to the "indirect" comparison of the harmony to the odour. Whichever word we adopt, the main and direct comparison is between the music and the murmur of the wind; this is at once strengthened and beautified by the reference to the odour. It will be noticed that the poet dwells on this secondary comparison; he is not satisfied with describing the wind as breathing on the *bank of violets*, but adds the exquisite *stealing and giving odour*. Milton has a *direct* comparison of sound to fragrance in a very beautiful passage in *Comus*, 555 fol.:

> "At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
> Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
> And stole upon the air, that even Silence
> Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might
> Deny her nature, and be never more,
> Still to be so displac'd."

Clarke, who reads *south*, sees a reason for believing that S. had the passage from Sidney's *Arcadia* in mind in the fact that Sir Philip soon

after uses the expression "the *flock* of unspeakable virtues," which is paralleled by "the flock of all affections," etc., in 36 below; and he thinks that S. may also have remembered Bacon's sentence of similar beauty: "The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand."

9. *Spirit.* Monosyllabic, as often in S. Gr. 463. *Quick*=sensitive.

10. *That.* In that. Gr. 284.

12. *Validity.* Value. See *R. and J.* p. 189. For the metaphor in *pitch*, see *Rich. II.* p. 153. See also quotation in note on 1 above. Halliwell quotes Greene, *Newes both from Heaven and Hell*, 1593: "This counterfet gentleman being consorted with another of his owne pitch, a byrde of the same feather," etc.

13. *Abatement.* Lower estimation (Schmidt).

14. *Fancy.* Love; as has been often noted in former plays. Cf. ii. 4. 33 and v. 1. 375 below.

15. *Alone.* Pre-eminently, *par excellence* (Schmidt). Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 119; "That must needs be sport alone;" *A. and C.* iv. 6. 30: "I am alone the villain of the earth," etc. Gr. 18.

High fantastical. Highly imaginative. Some print "high-fantastical." See *Oth.* p. 170, note on *High-wrought.*

16. *Go hunt.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 137, note on *Go buy.*

The hart. For the play on the word, see *J. C.* p. 159, note on *O world, thou was the forest to this hart*, etc., and *A. Y. L.* p. 176, note on *Heart.*

22. *Like fell and cruel hounds.* The allusion is to the story of Actæon. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 3. 63 and *M. W.* ii. 1. 122, iii. 2. 44. Malone says that S. undoubtedly had in mind Daniel's 5th *Sonnet:*

> "Whilst youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
> And sette my thoughts in heedles waies to range,
> All unawares a goddesse chaste I finde,
> (Diana like) to worke my suddaine change.
> * * * * * * *
> My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death," etc.

Daniel seems to have borrowed the comparison from Whitney's *Emblems*, 1586:

> "those whoe do pursue
> Theire fancies fonde, and thinges unlawfull crave,
> Like brutishe beastes appeare unto the viewe,
> And shall at length Actæon's guerdon have:
> And as his howndes, so theire affections base
> Shall them devoure, and all theire deedes deface."

And Whitney may have got the idea from Adlington's dedication to his translation of the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius: "For by the fable of Actæon, . . . may be meant, that when a man casteth his eies on the vaine and soon-fading beauty of the world, consenting thereto in his minde, he seemes to be turned into a bruite beast, and so to be slaine through the inordinate desire of his own affects."

23. For *since* with the present *pursue*, see Gr. 62.

26. *Element.* The air, or sky. See *J. C.* p. 140 or *Hen. V.* p. 174.

Heat. A noun=course (Schmidt). Johnson made *heat* a participle, as in *K. John*, iv. 1. 61: "The iron of itself, though heat red-hot." Cf. Gr. 342.

28. *Cloistress.* Nun; used by S. only here.

30. *Eye-offending.* Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 47: "foul moles and eye-offending marks." So *heart-offending*, in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 60.

For the metaphor in *season*, see *Much Ado*, p. 155.

32. *Remembrance.* A quadrisyllable; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance be to you both." Gr. 477.

33. *That . . . to.* See Gr. 277.

35. *Golden shaft.* See *M. N. D.* p. 129, note on *His best arrow*, etc.

36. *Flock.* See on 5 above (last paragraph).

38. *Are fill'd*, etc. The folio prints the passage thus:

> "When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
> These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
> Her sweete perfections with one selfe king."

It is commonly pointed as follows:

> "When liver, brain, and heart,
> These sovereign thrones, are all supplied and fill'd
> (Her sweet perfections) with one self king."

Perfections is here considered to be in apposition with *thrones*, but the arrangement is very awkward. It seems better to read "perfection," making the word refer to the preceding sentence. Clarke, who adopts this emendation, remarks that S. has alluded to this notion, "that a woman was perfected by marriage," in *K. John*, ii. 1. 437:

> "He is the half part of a blessed man,
> Left to be finished by such a she;
> And she a fair divided excellence,
> Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

K. quotes Lord Berners's translation of Froissart: "my daughter should be happy if she might come to so great a perfection as to be conjoined in marriage with the Earl of Guerles." St. cites Overbury, *The Wife:*

> "Marriage their object is; their being then,
> And now perfection, they receive from men;"

and Donne, *Epithalamium:*

> "Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame;
> To-day put on perfection, and a woman's name."

See also on ii. 4. 41 below. The Camb. ed. follows the folio, simply inserting a comma after *supplied*—the best reading if the plural "perfections" is to be retained. Cf. Gr. 95.

For *perfection* as a quadrisyllable, see Gr. 479.

39. *One self king.* Clarke remarks that this "has the combined effect of *one self-same king*, *one exclusive king*, and *a king one and the same with herself*, or a king identical with her own self; so comprehensive in manifold senses are Shakespeare's expressions!" Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 71: "that self metal" (where the quartos have "self-same"); *Hen. V.* i. 1. 1: "that self bill," etc. The 2d folio has "self-same" in the present passage. See Gr. 20.

41. *Lie rich.* Cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 49:

> "His good remembrance, sir,
> Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb."

See also *R. and J.* v. 3. 303.

SCENE II.—4. *Elysium.* As Douce notes, there seems to be a play on *Illyria* and *Elysium.*

6. *Perchance.* By chance; a kind of play upon the composition of the word.

9. *Split.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 65: "We split, we split!" See also *Id.* v. 1. 223, *C. of E.* i. 1. 104, and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 411.

10. *Those poor number.* The folio reading, changed by Rowe to "that poor number." The recent editors generally retain *those,* considering *number* as virtually plural.

Saved. Not contracted to "sav'd" in the folio, as in most modern eds.

12. *Provident.* Used by S. only here and in *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 11.

15. *Arion.* The allusion is to the classical story of the minstrel Arion, who, when the sailors were about to murder him for his money, asked leave to play a "swan-song" before he died, after which he threw himself into the sea, and was borne safely to land by one of the dolphins that had gathered about the ship to listen to his music. The folios have "Orion;" and we have seen the same blunder in a modern guide-book in the description of a piece of statuary somewhere in Europe.

Halliwell remarks that the simile was familiar to the poet and his audience, not merely from the classical story, but from its frequent introduction into the masques and pageants of the day.

On the passage, cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 113 fol.

16. *Hold acquaintance with.* Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 240: "I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee," etc.

21. *Country.* A trisyllable, as in *Cor.* i. 9. 17: "As you have been; that 's for my country;" and 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 206: "And common profit of his country." Gr. 477.

22. *Bred.* Begotten, not brought up, as in the familiar modern phrase "born and bred," and in *M. for M.* iv. 2. 135: "A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred."

25. *A noble duke,* etc. "I know not whether the nobility of the name is comprised in *duke* or in *Orsino,* which is, I think, the name of a great Italian family" (Johnson).

The duke is called *count* in the rest of the play. See i. 3. 100, i. 4. 8, etc., below. Cf. the use of *duke* for *king* in *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 38, *Ham.* iii. 2. 249, etc. See *Ham.* p. 228.

28. *I have heard,* etc. "One of Shakespeare's subtle touches in dramatic art. By the mention of Viola's father having spoken of the Duke we are led to see the source of her interest in Orsino; and by the word *bachelor* we are made to see the peculiar nature of that interest" (Clarke).

30. *Late.* For the adverbial use, cf. iii. 1. 37 and v. 1. 207 below.

32. *'T was fresh in murmur.* It was a recent rumour.

33. *Less.* Inferior in rank. Cf. *Macb.* v. 4. 12: "Both more and less have given him the revolt."

35. *What's she?* Who is she? Gr. 254.

36. *A virtuous maid.* Not a "widowe," as John Manningham took her to be. See p. 10 above.

39. *Dear love.* D. adopts Walker's conjecture of "dear loss," for

which cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 145, *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 77–79, and *Cymb.* v. 5. 345; but no change is really called for.

40. *The company*, etc. Hanmer's emendation of the folio reading, "the sight And company of men."

42. *And might not be*, etc. Johnson explains the passage, "I wish I might not be *made public* to the world, with regard to the *state* of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my design;" but the latter part rather means "till I have myself prepared the occasion for declaring what my condition really is" (Clarke). Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 72: "upon the mellowing of occasion;" and for *delivered*=shown, discovered, cf. *Cor.* v. 3. 39: "The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd;" and *Id.* v. 6. 141:

> "I 'll deliver
> Myself your loyal servant," etc.

The folio has *delivered*, not "deliver'd." Schmidt and Abbott (Gr. 290) take *mellow* to be a verb.

48. *Though that.* For *that* as a "conjunctional affix," see Gr. 287.

49. *Close in.* Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 65:

> "But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

53. *Me.* The "redundant object." Gr. 414.

56. *As an eunuch.* Viola was presented to the duke as a *page*, not as a *eunuch*, which would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play (Mason). Malone notes that eunuchs were employed to sing in the pope's chapel as early as the year 1600; and he compares *M. N. D.* v. 1. 45:

> "The battle of the Centaurs, to be sung
> By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

59. *Allow me*, etc. Prove me to be well worthy, etc.

62. *Mute.* Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 232: "Like Turkish mute;" and *Cymb.* iii. 5. 158: "a voluntary mute to my design."

SCENE III.—1. *A plague.* Abbott (Gr. 24) considers that *a* here must be=*in*, *on*, or *of*. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 6: "What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day?" See also *Id.* iv. 2. 56.

6. *Except before excepted.* A law phrase. Halliwell quotes West's *Simboleography*, 1605: "and all other the demised premises and appurtenances (except before excepted), according to the true meaning of these presents," etc.

18. *Tall.* Steevens says the word means "stout, courageous." Schmidt recognizes this sense in *A. and C.* ii. 6. 7: "much tall youth;" but elsewhere, as he notes, it is used thus only in irony (as by Falstaff in *M. W.* ii. 2. 11), or with braggardism (as by Shallow, in *M. W.* ii. 1. 237), or in ridicule (as in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 31), or put into the mouth of mean persons, like Bottom, Grumio, Bardolph, Pistol, et al.

23. *Viol-de-gamboys.* Sir Toby's corruption of *viol da gamba*, an instrument which was held between the legs (*gamba*=leg in Italian) of the player, like the modern violoncello. Halliwell, among other contemporaneous references to it, quotes Middleton, *Trick to Catch the Old One*,

1608: "She now remaines at London to learne fashions, practise musicke, the voyce betweene her lips, and the violl betweene her legges."

26. *Almost natural.* Needlessly changed by Coll. to "all, most natural." A quibble is intended on "almost naturally," or "by nature," and "almost like a natural, or a born idiot" (Clarke). For adjectives used adverbially, see Gr. 1.

28. *Gust.* Taste, relish. Cf. *Sonn.* 114. 11: "Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greeing." In *T. of A.* iii. 5. 54 it is=notion, idea; and in *W. T.* i. 2. 219 it is used as a verb=perceive.

31. *Substractors.* Warb. thought it necessary to change Sir Toby's blunder for "detractors" to "subtractors."

37. *Coystril.* A mean fellow. The word occurs again in *Per.* iv. 6. 176 (a scene not written by S.).

38. *A parish-top.* "A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, when they could not work" (Steevens). Halliwell cites many allusions to the custom.

39. *Castiliano vulgo.* "Spanish of Sir Toby's own making" (Schmidt), and not easily translated. Warb. changed it to "Castiliano volto," and explained it as="put on your Castilian countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks." Even if that is the meaning, the blunder is probably intentional, as in *viol-de-gamboys* above. Clarke thinks it may mean, "Be as reticent as a Castilian now that one of the common herd is coming."

45. *Accost.* S. usès the word only in this passage.

52. *Board.* See *Much Ado*, p. 130, or *Ham.* p. 204.

57. *Let part.* The reading of 1st and 2d folios; the later ones have "let her part."

65. *Thought is free.* Holt White quotes Lyly, *Euphues*, 1581: "None (quoth she) can judge of wit but they that have it; why then (quoth he) doest thou think me a fool? Thought is free, my Lord, quoth she."

Bring your hand to the buttery-bar, etc. "A proverbial phrase among forward Abigails, to ask at once for a kiss and a present" (Dr. Kenrick). The *buttery* was the place where food and drink were kept, and the *bar* was where these were served out. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 102:

> "Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
> And give them friendly welcome every one;
> Let them want nothing that my house affords."

67. *Sweet-heart.* Printed as two words in the folio. See *R. and J.* p. 208.

69. *It's dry.* A dry hand was considered a sign of age and debility (see 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 204), or of a cold nature (see *Much Ado*, p. 130). Maria plays upon this sense of *dry* and the familiar one of thirsty, as she afterwards quibbles on *barren.*

76. *Canary.* Wine from the Canary Islands. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 89: "I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him."

81. *Beef.* Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 1. 14: "thou mongrel beef-witted lord!" which, however, may mean "with no more wit than an ox" (Schmidt). Halliwell quotes Borde's *Regyment of Healthe*, 1567: "Beefe is good

meate for an Englysshman, so be it the beest be yonge, and that it be not cowe flesshe, for olde befe and cowe flesshe doth ingendre melancholy and leprouse humours;" and Randolph's *Poems:*

> "Ere they compose, they must for a long space
> Be dieted as horses for a race.
> They must not bacon, beef, or pudding eat;
> A jest may chance be starv'd with such grosse meat."

87. *Fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting.* All these were fashionable amusements of the time.

90. *An excellent head of hair.* We believe that Mr. Joseph Crosby was the first to explain the joke here. In an entertaining article on "Shakespeare's Puns" in the *American Bibliopolist* (June, 1875, p. 143) he says: "I well remember how sorely puzzled I used to be over this dialogue. Like poor Sir Andrew, I was blissfully ignorant that Sir Toby was shaking his jolly sides laughing at us; and I was at my wits' end to understand what effect a knowledge of the tongues, or any expertness in the arts, could produce in beautifying Sir Andrew's tow head. I knew very well that Sir Toby, though addicted to somewhat boisterous merriment, and partial to the 'rosy bowl,' was not a man that was in the habit of talking nonsense; and I was reluctantly on the point of giving up the conundrum when it dawned on me that the facetious knight had made a pun—a first-class pun too—on the word *tongues;* and then all was clear, and the joke 'as plain as the way to parish-church.' His imagination had seized upon Sir Andrew's *tongues* and converted them into *tongs* — curling-tongs — the very article required in Sir Andrew's toilet to 'mend' his hair withal, which, without their assistance, hung 'like flax on a distaff,' and most persistently and stubbornly refused to 'curl by *nature.*'"

107. *Kickshawses.* Spelt "kicke-chawses" in the 1st and 2d folios, but in the 3d as in the text. Some editors give "kickshaws," but the blunder was no doubt intentional. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 29: "pretty little tiny kickshaws."

109. *I will not compare*, etc. This may have been meant to be a piece of the knight's stupid irrelevancy; but various attempts have been made to explain it. Warb. thought it "a satire on that common vanity of old men, in preferring their own times and the past generation to the present." Steevens says: "Aguecheek, though willing enough to arrogate to himself such experience as is commonly the acquisition of age, is yet careful to exempt his person from being compared with its bodily weakness." Clarke thinks that an *old man* is = "a man of experience," and that "the word *old* gives precisely that absurd effect of refraining from competing in dancing, fencing, etc., with exactly the antagonist incapacitated by age over whom even Sir Andrew might hope to prove his superiority."

112. *Galliard.* A lively French dance. See *Hen. V.* p. 150.

113. *The mutton.* The pun here shows that the association of capers with boiled mutton is as old as that of apple-sauce with roast goose on which Romeo quibbles in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 85.

114. *Back-trick.* A caper backwards in dancing. Schmidt thinks

there may be a quibble on "the trick of going back in a fight;" but perhaps that is giving Sir Andrew credit for too much wit. Some explain the word as=a back-handed stroke with the sword.

118. *Mistress Mall's picture.* Steevens has been generally followed in explaining this as a reference to Mary Frith, otherwise known as "Mall Cutpurse," a noted character of Shakespeare's time, of whom a full account may be found in Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. ii. p. 670; but if she was born in 1589 (or even in 1584, as Malone says), it is hardly probable that, with all her precocity in bad ways, she had become notorious in 1600 or 1601, when this play was written. No allusion to her of so early a date has been found by the commentators, the earliest being a more than doubtful one of 1602. A book entitled *The Madde Prancks of Merry Mall of the Bankside*, by John Day, was published in 1610; and Middleton and Dekker made her the heroine of a comedy, *The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cutpurse*, printed in 1611. Schmidt remarks: "Perhaps Sir Toby only means to say: like a picture intended for a beauty, but in fact representing Mall, the kitchen-wench." Mr. John F. Marsh (*Notes and Queries*, July 6 and Nov. 30, 1878) argues that *Mall's* is = Maria's. We are inclined to agree with Sr. that "*Mistress Mall* is a mere impersonation, like 'my lady's eldest son' in *Much Ado*." On the practice of protecting pictures by curtains, cf. i. 5. 217 below.

119. *Coranto.* Another lively dance, for which see *Hen. V.* p. 166.

124. *Flame-coloured.* Rowe's emendation of the "dam'd colour'd" of the folios. K. reads "damask-coloured," and the Coll. MS. has "dun-coloured." "Damson-coloured" and "dove-coloured" have also been suggested. We have *flame-coloured* in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 11: "flame-coloured taffeta." The old reading has been defended by Dr. Nicholson (*Notes and Queries*, Feb. 15, 1879), who thinks that Sir Andrew may have coined the word or got it from the French. Cotgrave, as Furnivall has pointed out, gives "couleur d'enfer" as "a dark and smoakie brown." Mr. R. M. Spencer (*N. and Q.* Mar. 15, 1879) explains "dam'd colour'd" as=checkered. "To this day," he adds, "old people among the peasantry of Scotland speak of any checkered garment as being of the 'dam-brod,' *Anglice* draught-board, pattern."

Stock = stocking; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 312, *T. of S.* iii. 2. 67, and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 130. Steevens quotes *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601: "Or would my silk stock should lose his gloss else."

127. *That's sides and hearts.* In that classic annual, *The Old Farmer's Almanac*, may still be seen the ancient astrological figure of the human body with lines radiating from its various parts to the symbols of the zodiacal signs; and in the column devoted to the "moon's place" in the calendar pages the names of the parts of the body are given instead of the corresponding signs. It is to be noted that Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are both wrong in the parts they assign to Taurus. The latter either burlesques the former's ignorance or takes advantage of it for the sake of argument. Taurus was supposed to govern the neck and throat.

SCENE IV.—3. *Three days.* As Mr. P. A. Daniel points out in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays,"

read before the New Shakspere Society, Nov. 8, 1878,* there is a statement inconsistent with this in v. 1. 93 below, where the Duke says: "*Three months* this youth hath tended on me."

8. *Count.* See on i. 2. 25 above.

12. *No less but.* No less *than.* Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 237: "No more But instruments," etc. Gr. 127.

I have unclasp'd, etc. The metaphor is a favourite one with S. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 188: "And now I will unclasp a secret book." See also *Much Ado*, i. 1. 325, *W. T.* iii. 2. 168, and *T. and C.* iv. 6. 60.

15. *Access.* For the accent, see *Macb.* p. 171, or Gr. 490.

19. *Spoke.* Said. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 154, *Oth.* v. 2. 327, etc. Gr. 200, 343.

21. *Unprofited.* Profitless; used by S. nowhere else.

26. *Attend.* Cf. *R. of L.* 818: "Will tie the hearers to attend each line," etc. See also *R. and J.* p. 168. Gr. 200.

27. *Aspect.* The regular accent in S. See Gr. 40. The folio has "Nuntio's." The change was made by Theo., but is perhaps not absolutely required.

31. *Rubious.* Red, rosy; used by S. only here. Cf. "rubied" in *Per.* v. prol. 8. On *pipe*=voice, cf. *Cor.* iii. 2. 113:

> "my throat of war be turn'd,
> Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
> Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
> That babies lulls asleep!"

32. *And sound.* Some would change this to "in sound;" but as Clarke notes, *sound*=clear, uncracked. A boy's voice is *shrill*, but not, like a girl's, perfectly *sound*, or pure in tone.

33. *Semblative.* Seeming like, suited to. Female parts on the stage were then played by boys. See *M. N. D.* p. 134 and *A. Y. L.* p. 202. S. uses *semblative* only here; and the same is true of *constellation* in the next line.

38. *As freely*, etc. "That is, as free to use my fortune as I am" (Gr. 419*a*).

40. *Barful.* Full of impediments; another word used by S. only once. The 1st, 2d, and 3d folios spell it "barreful." Pope gave "O baneful," and Daniel conjectures "a woeful."

SCENE V.—5. *Fear no colours.* Fear no enemy; probably at first a military metaphor, as Maria explains just below. The expression occurs again in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 94. Halliwell quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "*Aventureux*, hazardous, adventurous, that feares no colours;" and *The Trumpet of Fame, by H. R.*, 1595:

> "Then fear no colours, set the chance on Christ!
> He is your load-star, God of power highest."

8. *Lenten.* "Scanty, poor, answering modest expectations" (Schmidt). Johnson explains the phrase as="a *lean*, or as we now call it, a *dry*

* I am indebted to Mr. Furnivall for a proof of this interesting paper, which is to be published in the *Transactions* of the Society.

answer." Clarke suggests that while Maria seems to praise the clown's answer for being *brief*, she hints that it is *scant* or *bare* of wit.

14. *Talents.* Halliwell thinks there may be a play on the word, as in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 65: "If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent!"

18. *For turning away*, etc. As for being turned away, I care not, so that it be in summer, when I can find employment in every field and lodging under every hedge (Steevens). Some have seen a poor pun here on "turning o' whey."

21. *If one break.* Maria plays upon the word *points* as applied to the metal hooks by which the *gaskins*, or galligaskins (a kind of loose breeches), were attached to the doublet, and thus kept from falling down. Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 2. 49: "with two broken points." See also 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 238 and *A. and C.* iii. 13. 157.

24. *A piece of Eve's flesh.* See *Much Ado*, p. 161, note on *Piece of flesh.*

27. *You were best.* See *J. C.* p. 166, or Gr. 230, 352.

31. *Quinapalus.* A philosopher known only to the clown.

36. *Dry.* Sapless, insipid. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 39:

> "his brain,
> Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
> After a voyage;"

and see also *L. L. L.* v. 2. 373, *T. and C.* i. 3. 329, etc.

38. *Madonna.* Halliwell quotes Florio, *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598: "*Madonna*, mistres, mistres mine, madam."

41. *Botcher.* Mender of old clothes (Schmidt). Cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 211: "a botcher's prentice in Paris;" *Cor.* ii. 1. 98: "a botcher's cushion," etc.

44. *Syllogism.* The word is used by S. nowhere else.

45. *So.* So be it, well and good. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 170: "If he will take it, so; if not, adieu."

50. *Misprision.* Mistake, misapprehension. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 90:

> "Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
> Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true;"

Much Ado, iv. 1. 187: "There is some strange misprision in the princes," etc.

Cucullus non facit monachum. A cowl does not make a monk; that is, wearing motley does not prove me a fool. For *motley*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 162.

As much to say as. Possibly an accidental transposition of "as much as to say," as some editors regard it; but the same arrangement occurs in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 18.

55. *Dexteriously.* The 4th folio changes the word to "dexterously;" but the blunder was probably intentional.

57. *Good my mouse of virtue.* For the form of expression, see Gr. 13; and for *mouse* as a term of endearment, *Ham.* p. 240.

59. *Idleness.* Pastime, means of whiling away an idle hour. Schmidt explains it as "frivolousness, vanity."

70. *Decays.* For the active sense, cf. *Sonn.* 65. 8: "Nor gates of steel so strong but Time decays." See also *Cymb.* i. 5. 56.

78. *Barren.* Dull; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 13: "The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort," etc.

With = by; as very often. Gr. 193.

82. *These set kind.* Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 107: "These kind of knaves I know," etc. See also i. 2. 10 above.

83. *Fools' zanies.* Subordinate buffoons whose office it was to make awkward attempts at mimicking the tricks of the professional clowns. The word occurs again in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 463.

85. *Distempered.* Disordered, diseased. See *Ham.* p. 229.

86. *Bird-bolts.* Blunt-headed arrows. See *Much Ado*, p. 119.

87. *Allowed.* Licensed. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 478: "go, you are allow'd" (that is, as here, a licensed fool). Halliwell says that in Hollyband's *Dictionarie*, 1593, mention is made of "an allowed cart or chariot."

90. *Leasing.* A euphemism for lying (Schmidt). Cf. *Cor.* v. 2. 22: "Have almost stamp'd the leasing." Johnson explains the passage thus: "May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou liest in favour of fools!" W. says: "As Olivia undertakes the defence of his calling, the Clown prays Mercury, the god of liars, to enable her to push her defence beyond the bounds of truth."

93. *Much desires.* For the omission of the relative, see Gr. 244.

99. *Speaks nothing but madman.* Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 156: "I speak to thee plain soldier;" *Oth.* ii. 3, 281: "speak parrot," etc.

105. *For—here he comes*, etc. We adopt the pointing of the Camb. ed. The common reading is, "for here he comes, one of thy kin, has [that is, *who* has] a most weak *pia mater*." There is not much to choose between the two. Rowe and W. omit *he*.

For *pia mater*, cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 71 and *T. and C.* ii. 1. 77. In Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. History*, it is spoken of as "the fine pellicle called *pia mater*, which lappeth and enfoldeth the braine" (Steevens).

107. *What.* Who. Cf. i. 2. 35 and i. 3. 46 above.

111. *Pickle-herring.* Many of the editors have followed Malone in changing this to "pickle-herrings;" but it is a legitimate plural, like *trout*, *salmon*, and other names of fishes. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 33: "two white herring." The regular form of the plural is also used, as in the case of some other nouns of this class. See iii. 1. 34 below. Clarke quotes the *Spectator*, where "pickled herrings" is mentioned as a nickname, and adds: "Thus Sir Toby, asked what sort of gentleman the youth at the gate is, intends to describe him scoffingly, while a reminiscence of his last-eaten provocative to drink disturbs him in the shape of a hiccup;" but we doubt whether any such double meaning was intended.

123. *Above heat.* According to Steevens, this means "above the state of being warm in a proper degree." Schmidt makes *heat* = thirst; and compares *K. John*, iii. 1. 341: "A rage whose heat hath this condition," etc. Clarke, who adopts Steevens's explanation, refers to Falstaff's eulogium on "sherris-sack," 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 110: "The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood," etc.

125. *Crowner.* Rowe thought it necessary to change this to "coro-

ner;" but, as Schmidt notes, "the Shakespearian form of the word is *crowner*." He uses it only here and in *Ham.* v. 1. 4, 24.

130. *Yond.* See *Temp.* p. 121.

138. *He has.* The folio has "Ha 's," and some editors print "Has." See Gr. 400.

139. *A sheriff's post.* It was the custom for a sheriff to have posts set up at his door, to which proclamations and other public notices were affixed (Warb.). Jonson, in his *Every Man Out of his Humour*, refers to these "Shrives posts;" and Halliwell cites many similar illustrations from writers of the time.

146. *Personage.* Personal appearance; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 292: "And with her personage, her tall personage," etc. Cf. Udall's *Roister Doister*, 1553: "For your personage, beautie, demeanour and wit."

148. *Squash.* An immature pea-pod. See *M. N. D.* p. 160; and for *peascod*, *A. Y. L.* p. 159. *Codling*, used by S. only in this passage, obviously means here an unripe apple. The present English application of the word to a particular kind of apple was unknown in his day.

149. *In standing water.* That is, between the ebb and the flood of the tide (Schmidt). Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 221: "Well, I am standing water." *In* may be a misprint for "e'en," as Capell regarded it.

150. *Well-favoured.* Good-looking. See *Much Ado*, p. 145.

151. *Shrewishly.* Sharply, pertly. S. uses the word nowhere else. *Shrewish* occurs only in *C. of E.* iii. 1. 2, and *shrewishness* only in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 301. Clarke remarks here: "It is worthy of note, not only how Olivia is so much struck by the sauciness of the page-messenger, whose manner is so different from the usual deference with which Orsino's envoys treat her as to interest her in the youth even before she sees him, but it is also to be remarked how Viola assumes flippancy when coming from the Duke, although, while in his house, speaking to either himself or his gentlemen, she maintains the most quiet, distant, and even reservedly dignified speech and conduct."

160. *Unmatchable.* Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 52: "And this so sole and so unmatchable," etc.

165. *Comptible.* Sensitive. The word is literally = accountable, but is here used actively = ready to call others to account. Cf. *comfortable* in 208 below, and see Gr. 3.

171. *Are you a comedian?* "Olivia's sarcasm at the *acting a part* which the delivery of a *set speech* implies" (Clarke).

172. *Profound.* Sage, wise; as in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 168: "profound Solomon."

175. *Usurp.* Cf. v. 1. 242 below: "my masculine usurp'd attire."

178. *From.* Away from, apart from. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 65: "Which is from my remembrance;" and v. 1. 320 below: "Write from it if you can." Gr. 158.

180. *Forgive.* Excuse you from, spare you the trouble of. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 147: "I forgive thy duty," etc.

183. *Feigned.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 19: "No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning," etc.

186. *Not mad.* Some editors omit *not*, and the Coll. MS. substitutes

"but." Clarke remarks: "S. has sometimes these *apparent* antitheses; and here we believe he means Olivia to say, 'If you are not quite without reason, be gone; if you have some reason, be brief, that you may soon be gone;' giving the effect of antithetical construction without actually being so."

187. *Skipping.* Wild, frolic, mad (Johnson). Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 196:

> "take pain
> To allay, with some cold drops of modesty,
> Thy skipping spirit."

For the allusion to the *moon* as causing *lunacy* (we need not refer to the derivation of the word), cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 109, etc.

190. *Swabber.* One who scrubs the deck of a ship. Viola takes up the nautical metaphor of *hoist sail*, and turns it contemptuously against Maria. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 48: "The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I," etc.

Hull. Literally, to drive to and fro without sails or rudder; here = to float. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 438: "And there they hull;" and *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 199:

> "Thus hulling in
> The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
> Toward this remedy."

191. *Some mollification*, etc. Something to pacify your gigantic waiting-maid; a hit at the diminutive Maria, with an allusion to the *giants* who guard ladies in the old romances. "It is pleasant to see the playful tone that Viola falls into now that she is with those of her own sex" (Clarke).

Tell me your mind, etc. There seems to be some corruption here. Hanmer and some other editors have adopted the conjecture of Warb. that *Tell me your mind* belongs to Olivia, and *I am a messenger* to Viola. D. believes that something more than the names of the speakers is omitted in the folio. As Clarke remarks, Olivia's subsequent words, *Speak your office*, are in favour of Hanmer's emendation, which we should adopt if we felt justified in making any change.

195. *It alone concerns your ear.* It concerns your ear alone. Cf. Gr. 420.

196. *Taxation.* Claim, demand.

201. *My entertainment.* My reception, the way I have been treated. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 465: "I will resist such entertainment" (that is, treatment); and *V. and A.* 1108: "Witness the entertainment that he gave."

202. *Maidenhead.* Changed by Theo. to "maidhood;" but in the time of S. the word was = *maidenhood*. See *R. and J.* p. 150.

208. *Comfortable.* Comforting. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 76: "Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words." See on 165 above.

217. *We will draw the curtain.* See on i. 3. 118 above. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 49: "Come, draw this curtain, and let 's see your picture." Halliwell quotes *Skialetheia*, 1598:

> "Oh, sir, she 's painted, and you know the guise,
> Pictures are curtaind from the vulgar eyes."

219. *Such a one I was this present.* The reading of the folio, and perhaps corrupt. Various emendations have been proposed: as "I *wear* this present" (Theo.); "such a one *as* I was" (Boswell); "such a one I was *as* this *presents*" (Sr.); "such a one I *am* at this present" (Coll. MS.), etc.

221. *In grain.* Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 108: "No, sir, 't is in grain; Noah's flood could not do it" (that is, wash it out); *M. N. D.* i. 2. 97: "purple-in-grain," etc.

222. *Blent.* Used again in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 183; elsewhere (twice) S. has "blended." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 6. 42:

> "Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent
> My name with guile and traiterous intent."

223. *Cunning.* Skilful; as in iii. 4. 270 below: "cunning in fence," etc.

224. *She.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 170. Gr. 224.

226. *Leave the world no copy.* Cf. *Sonn.* 11. 13:

> "She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
> Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die."

See also *Sonn.* 3. 14 and 9. 3 fol.

230. *Indifferent.* For the adverbial use, cf. i. 3. 123 above; and for *grey eyes*, see *R. and J.* pp. 169, 172.

232. *Praise.* Appraise; but not an abbreviation of that word, as often printed. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 97: "praise us as we are tasted; allow us as we prove." Halliwell cites Palsgrave, *Lesclarcissement*, etc., 1530: "I prayse a thynge, I esteme of what value it is, *Je aprise*;" Baret, *Alvearie*, 1580: "A praiser or valuer;" Huloet, *Abcedarium*, 1552: "Prayse by value, *estimo*," etc. Olivia plays upon the word here.

233. *You.* For the "redundant object," see Gr. 414, and cf. i. 2. 53 above.

237. *Nonpareil.* Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 108:

> "And that most deeply to consider is
> The beauty of his daughter; he himself
> Calls her a nonpareil."

238. *With fertile.* The *with* is not in the folio; supplied by Pope. *Adorations* is metrically equivalent to five syllables. See on i. 1. 39 above.

243. *In voices well divulg'd.* Well spoken of, well reputed.

244. *Dimension.* Body. Cf. v. 1. 229 below, the only other example of the singular in S.

245. *Gracious.* Full of graces, attractive. See *Much Ado*, p. 154.

246. *Took.* For the form, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 50, etc. Gr. 343.

248. *Deadly.* Deathlike, pining.

253. *Cantons.* Changed by Rowe to "cantos," and by Capell to "canzons;" but, as Malone notes, *canton* was sometimes used for *canto*. He cites *The London Prodigal*, 1605: "in his third canton;" and Heywood, *Preface to Britaynes Troy*, 1609: "in the judicial perusal of these few cantons."

255. *Reverberate.* Reverberant (which Theo. substituted), echoing. Cf. Gr. 374.

261. *State.* Estate. See *M. of V.* p. 151 (note on *Estate*), or *A. Y. L.* p. 200.

267. *Post.* Messenger; as in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 100, v. 1. 46, etc.

271. *Cruelty.* Cf. ii. 4. 80 below.

276. *Blazon.* Coat-of-arms (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 68: "With loyal blazon," etc.

277. *Unless the master were the man.* Various attempts have been made to explain this. Malone says: "Unless the dignity of the master were added to the merit of the servant, I shall go too far and disgrace myself." Steevens thinks she may mean to check herself by observing, "This is unbecoming forwardness on my part, unless I were as much in love with the master as I am with the man." Clarke makes it = "unless the master's love for me were felt by the man." Olivia evidently wishes that the master and the man could change places, but just what she would have said if she had not checked herself we need not trouble ourselves to guess.

279. *Perfections.* A quadrisyllable here. See on i. 1. 39 above.

281. *To creep.* For the use of *to* after *feel*, see Gr. 349.

283. *Peevish.* Silly, thoughtless (Schmidt), or wayward, wilful (Clarke). See *Hen. V.* p. 171.

284. *County's.* Count's. See *Much Ado*, p. 131.

286. *Flatter with.* Deal flatteringly with, encourage with hopes. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 193: "Unless I flatter with myself too much;" *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 88: "Shall dying men flatter with those that live?" Gr. 194.

288. *If that.* See on i. 2. 48 above.

291. *Fear to find*, etc. "I fear that my eyes will seduce my understanding; that I am indulging a passion for the beautiful youth which my reason cannot approve" (Malone); "I fear lest my admiration of this youth prove stronger than my judgment" (Clarke).

293. *Owe.* Own; that is, we are not our own masters (Steevens). See *Macb.* p. 162, or *Rich. II.* p. 204. Gr. 290.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Nor will you not.* Gr. 406.

4. *Malignancy.* S. uses the word nowhere else, *malignity* not at all. For *distemper*, see on i. 5. 85 above.

9. *Determinate.* Fixed. See *Oth.* p. 202.

10. *Extravagancy.* Vagrancy; used by S. only here. Cf. the use of *extravagant* in *Ham.* (see p. 176) and *Oth.* (p. 158).

12. *In manners.* Cf. *Sonn.* 85. 1: "My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still." We find "with manners" in *Sonn.* 39. 1 and *Cymb.* i. 4. 56.

To express myself. "'To confide to you who I am.' Shakespeare's delicacy of propriety in such questions of courtesy between man and man cannot be too much admired and emulated" (Clarke).

15. *Messaline.* Cf. v. 1. 224 below. As no such place is known, Hanmer substituted "Metelin," and Capell conjectured "Mitylene."

16. *An.* One. See *R. and J.* p. 177, or *Ham.* p. 274. Gr. 81.

18. *Some hour.* See Gr. 21.

19. *Breach.* Breaking, surf. Steevens compares "the rupture of the sea" in *Per.* ii. 1. 161 (where, however, most modern eds. read "rapture").

22. *Was yet.* For the ellipsis of the relative, cf. i. 5. 93 above. Gr. 244.

Though I could not, etc. "Though I could not believe that, like those who estimated her at too high a rate" (Schmidt).

Estimable wonder = "esteeming wonder, or wonder and esteem" (Johnson). For the active sense of *estimable*, see Walker, vol. i. p. 183, or Gr. 3; and cf. *deceivable* in iv. 3. 21 below.

25. *Drowned already*, etc. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 186:

> "Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
> And therefore I forbid my tears."

28. *Your bad entertainment.* The humble way in which I have entertained you as my guest; as *your trouble* = the trouble I have been to you.

30. *Murther me.* K. suggests that there may be an allusion to the superstition, made use of by Scott in *The Pirate*, that the man who was saved by another from shipwreck would kill his benefactor.

34. *Kindness.* Tenderness. See *Much Ado*, p. 118.

35. *The manners of my mother*, etc. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 6. 31: "And all my mother came into my eyes."

38. *Gentleness.* Favour, good-will.

SCENE II.—3. *On.* At. See Gr. 180.

6. *To have taken.* For the "indefinite use" of the infinitive, see Gr. 356.

9. *So hardy to come.* For the omission of *as*, cf. ii. 4. 96 below: "So big to hold," etc. Gr. 281.

11. *She took the ring.* "Viola, perceiving that Olivia has framed an excuse to blind her steward whom she sends, and willing to aid her in screening herself, accepts the version given of the ring's having been sent from Orsino to the Countess; which, moreover, affords a ready and plausible motive for refusing to take it now herself" (Clarke).

16. *Fortune forbid my outside have not*, etc. That is, forbid that it *have*. Cf. *P. P.* 124: "Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds." Elsewhere the negative is omitted; as in *Sonn.* 58. 1:

> "That god forbid that made me first your slave
> I should in thought control your times of pleasure," etc.

See Gr. 406.

18. *That sure methought.* The reading of the later folios; the 1st omits *sure*.

24. *She were better love.* Cf. iii. 4. 11 below: "your ladyship were best," etc. See *J. C.* p. 166, note on *You were best*, or Gr. 230, 352.

26. *Pregnant.* Ready, expert (Johnson and Schmidt). Cf. iii. 1. 88 below, and see *Ham.* p. 205.

27. *Proper-false.* Good-looking and deceitful. For *proper*, see *Much Ado*, p. 139; and for compound adjectives in S., Gr. 2.

28. *In women's waxen hearts*, etc. To make an impression on the soft hearts of women, or to fix their image there. Johnson took it to mean, "How easy is disguise to women! how easily does *their own falsehood*, contained in their *waxen* changeable *hearts*, enable them to assume deceitful appearances!" Steevens compares *R. of L.* 1240:

> "For men have marble, women waxen minds,
> And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
> The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
> Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
> Then call them not the authors of their ill,
> No more than wax shall be accounted evil
> Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil."

See also *M. for M.* ii. 4. 128:

> "Nay, call us ten times frail;
> For we are soft as our complexions are,
> And credulous to false prints."

29. *Our.* The reading of the later folios; the 1st has "O."

30. *Made of such.* The folios have "made, if such." The correction was proposed by Tyrwhitt. Johnson wished to read,

> "For such as we are made, if such we be,
> Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!"

31. *Fadge.* Succeed, prosper. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 154: "We will have, if this fadge not, an antique." Boswell quotes Florio, *Worlde of Wordes:* "*Andar' a vanga*, to fadge, to prosper with, to go as one would have it;" and Niccols, *Beggars Ape:*

> "For who so beares simplicities true badge
> To live in Princes courts doe seldome fadge."

32. *Monster.* Referring to her disguise.

Fond. Dote; the only example of the verb in S. Schmidt thinks it may be the adjective. Cf. *fond on* in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 266.

SCENE III.—2. *Diluculo surgere.* The rest of the adage (which S. found in Lilly's *Grammar*) is "saluberrimum est" (to rise early is most healthful).

9. *Life.* The folios have "liues." Rowe made the change, which is favoured by the *it* in the reply.

The four elements. Cf. *Sonn.* 45, and see *Hen. V.* p. 169 (note on *The dull elements*, etc.) and *J. C.* p. 185 (note on *His life was gentle*, etc.). Halliwell quotes Fletcher, *Nice Valour:*

> "I prithee, thou four elements ill brew'd,
> Torment none but thyself."

13. *Stoup.* See *Oth.* p. 177, or *Ham.* p. 260.

15. *The picture of we three.* Alluding to a common old sign representing two fools, with the inscription "We three," the spectator being of course the third. Halliwell cites many references to the device, which is said to be still seen in some parts of England.

17. *Catch.* A song in which the parts follow one another. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 126, 135.

18. *Breast.* Voice. Warton cites the statutes of Stoke College: "which said queristers, after their breasts are broken" (that is, after their voices are changed), etc.; and Fiddes, *Life of Wolsey:* "singing-men well-breasted." Halliwell quotes *The Proverbis in the Garet at Lekingfelde:*

> "A naturall breste is goode with sowndes of moderacion,
> A glorifiede breste is to curyus with notis of alteracion,
> But he that syngithe a trewe songe mesurithe in the meane,
> And he that rechithe to hye a trebill his tewyns is not clene;"

Udall, *Roister Doister:* "So loe! that is a breast to blowe out a candle;" and B. and F., *Pilgrim:* "lets heare him sing, h' as a fine breast."

19. *I had rather*, etc. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 205: "I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here." For *had rather*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 158.

22. *Pigrogromitus*, etc. In the same vein as the reference to *Quinapalus* in i. 5. 31 above.

24. *Leman.* Mistress, sweetheart; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 49: "And drink unto the leman mine." In *M. W.* iv. 2. 172, it is masculine = paramour. In the present passage the folios have "Lemon," and some have thought that the fruit was meant. Halliwell cites many instances of a play on the two words; as in Buttes, *Dyets Dry Dinner*, 1599: "All say a limon in wine is good; some thinke a leman and wine better."

25. *Impeticos thy gratillity.* Johnson wished to read "impeticoat thy gratuity," that is, put it in the pocket of his long coat; but, even if that is the meaning, we need not correct the clown's wording of it. Johnson adds, "There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not understand." We fear that no commentator will make it clear why the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses, or fix the exact time of the transit of the equinoctial of Queubus by the Vapians.

26. *Whipstock.* English editors think it necessary to explain that this means the handle of a whip. The word is still in common use in this country.

32. *Testril.* Sixpence; also called a *tester*, as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 296.

If one knight give a—. There is no point after the *a* in the 1st folio; the later ones add the dash. The Coll. MS. completes the hiatus (which was probably intentional) as follows: "if one knight give a-way sixpence, so will I give another: go to."

34. *Good life.* Virtuous conduct or good behaviour (Malone and Schmidt). Steevens thought it meant "harmless mirth and jollity." Malone quotes *M. W.* iii. 3. 127: "Defend your reputation, or farewell to your good life for ever."

41. *Sweeting.* Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 36: "What, sweeting, all amort?" *Oth.* ii. 2. 252: "All 's well now, sweeting," etc.

42. *Lovers.* Warb. made the word possessive, "lovers'."

49. *In delay*, etc. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 3. 53: "Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary."

50. *Sweet-and-twenty.* Halliwell explains this as = twenty times sweet.

Steevens quotes *Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "Sweet and twenty; all sweet and sweet." Schmidt compares *M. W.* ii. 1. 202: "Good even and twenty."

53. *Breath.* Cf. "so sweet a breath to sing" in 20 above; also *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 151: "Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath," etc.

56. *Make the welkin dance.* "That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round" (Johnson). Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 7. 124: "Cup us till the world go round."

57. *Draw three souls*, etc. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 61: "Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?" Warb. sees here an allusion to the three souls of the Peripatetic philosophy; whereupon Coleridge remarks: "O genuine and inimitable (at least I hope so) Warburton! This note of thine, if but one in five millions, would be half a one too much."

Weavers were supposed to be good singers and particularly given to singing psalms, being most of them Calvinists and refugees from the Netherlands (Schmidt). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 147: "I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing."

59. *I am dog.* The 3d and 4th folios have "a dog;" but the phrase was a common one. Halliwell cites *Englishmen for my Money:* "I am dogg at this;" *The Devil of a Wife:* "Ay, ay, come I 'm old dogg at that," etc.

64. *Hold thy peace*, etc. This old three-part catch is so arranged that each singer calls the other *knave* in turn. It is to be found in a book entitled "Pammelia, Musickes Miscellanie, or mixed Varietie of pleasant Roundelays and delightful Catches of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 Parts in one," of which a second ed. was printed in 1618.

73. *Cataian.* A Chinese; *Cataia* or *Cathay* being the name given to China by the early travellers. Nares says the word "was used also to signify a sharper, from the dexterous thieving of those people; which quality is ascribed to them in many old books of travels." Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 148: "I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest of the town commended him for a true man." Sir Toby uses it in a loose way as a mere term of reproach, as a drunken fellow might use "heathen Chinee" nowadays. Steevens cites Davenant, *Love and Honour:* "Hang him, bold Cataian," etc.

74. *Peg-a-Ramsey.* An old song to be found in Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (Percy). The music, with that of *Hold thy peace*, etc., may be found in the Var. of 1821.

Three merry men be we is likewise a fragment of an old song, often quoted in the plays of the time.

75. *Consanguineous.* Used by S. only here; as *consanguinity* is only in *T. and C.* iv. 2. 103.

Tillyvally. An expression of contempt and impatience. Johnson says that Sir Thomas More's lady was much in the habit of using it, and Nares gives illustrative quotations from Roper's *Life of More.* Dame Quickly corrupts the word into *tillyfally* in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 90.

There dwelt a lady, etc. From the old ballad of *Susanna*, quoted also by Mercutio in *R. and J.* ii. 4. 151.

81. *O, the twelfth day*, etc. From some old ballad that has not come down to us.

84. *Honesty*. Decency, propriety. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 288: "It is not honesty in me to speak;" *Hen. VIII.* v. 2. 28: "honesty . . . At least good manners," etc.

85. *Tinkers*. "Proverbial tipplers and would-be politicians" (Schmidt). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 20: "I can drink with any tinker," etc.

86. *Coziers'*. Cobblers'. Halliwell quotes Percivale's *Dictionarie*, 1599: "A cosier or cobler, *remendon*;" and Minsheu's *Guide*: "A cosier or sowter, ab Hisp. *Coser*, to sow."

89. *Sneck up!* "This was a scoffing interjection, tantamount to 'Go hang!' and here has the added humorous effect of a hiccup" (Clarke). Steevens quotes B. and F., *Knight of the Burning Pestle*: "Give him his money, George, and let him go sneck up," etc. Taylor the Water-Poet has "Snickup, which is in English gallow-grasse," or what in the same passage he calls "a Tiburne hempen-caudell."

91. *Round*. Plain, blunt. See *Hen. V.* p. 191. So the adverb = directly. See *Ham.* p. 203.

93. *Disorders*. Explained by the following *misdemeanours*. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 202:

> "I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
> Deserv'd much less advancement," etc.

97. *Farewell, dear heart*, etc. From "Coridon's Farewell to Phillis," which may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. Some of the snatches that follow are from the same song.

109. *Out of time, sir?* The folio has "Out o' tune sir, ye lye:" etc. The emendation is due to Theo. and is adopted by D., W., Halliwell, Clarke, and others. Coll. retains the old reading, pointing it "Out of tune!—sir," etc., and making it refer to the Clown; but, as D. remarks, the Clown was a professional singer and would not be likely to be out of tune. It is a drunken iteration of what Sir Toby has said in 89 above.

110. *Dost thou think*, etc. A fling at Malvolio's Puritanism (see 132 below). The Clown follows this up by swearing *by Saint Anne;* the Puritans being not only opposed to swearing, but having a peculiar abhorrence of invoking the saints (Clarke).

112. *Ginger*. A favourite spice in the time of S., especially with old people. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 1. 10, *M. for M.* iv. 3. 8, etc.

115. *With crumbs*. That is, to clean it. Cf. Webster, *Duchess of Malfy:* "Tea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scouer his gold chain." Stewards wore such chains as badges of office.

118. *Rule*. Conduct, behaviour. See *M. N. D.* p. 160, note on *Night-rule*. Steevens quotes Heywood, *English Traveller:* "What guests we harbour and what rule we keep;" and B. J., *Tale of a Tub:* "And set him in the stocks for his ill rule."

119. *Go shake your ears*. A common expression of contempt. Halliwell quotes, among other instances, Howell, *Familiar Letters:* "This being one day done, they shut their gates against him, and made him go shake his ears, and to shift for his lodging," etc. Schmidt explains it as = grumble at your pleasure.

121. *The field.* Some adopt Rowe's "to the field." Perhaps, as Schmidt suggests, S. wrote "to field." Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 1. 61: "Marry, go before to field."

128. *A nayword.* The folio has "an ayword," which has been explained as "a word always used, a proverbial reproach;" but as S. uses *nayword* in *M. W.* ii. 2. 131 and v. 2. 5, that was probably his word here. There it is = watchword; here it is = byword. D. quotes Forby, *Vocab. of E. Anglia:* "Nayword . . . A bye-word; a laughing-stock."

131. *Possess.* Inform, tell. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 35: "I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose" (cf. *Id.* i. 3. 65), etc.

132. *Puritan.* For other contemptuous allusion to the Puritans, see *A. W.* i. 3. 56, 98, *W. T.* iv. 3. 46, and *Per.* iv. 6. 9.

139. *Time-pleaser.* Time-server. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 45: "Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness."

Affectioned. Affected. See *Ham.* p. 210, note on *Affectation.*

140. *Swarths.* Swaths. Halliwell quotes Huloet, *Abcedarium*, 1552: "Swarth of grasse new mowen, *gramen.*"

The best persuaded, etc. Having the best opinion of himself.

142. *Ground.* The reading of the later folios; the 1st has "grounds."

148. *Expressure.* Expression; as in *M. W.* v. 5. 71 and *T. and C.* iii. 3. 204. Cf. *impressure* in ii. 5. 88 below.

149. *Feelingly.* Exactly. See *Ham.* p. 271.

160. *Ass.* With possibly a play on *as;* as in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 317 on *ass* and *ace.*

167. *Penthesilea.* The queen of the Amazons.

168. *Before me.* By my soul. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 1. 149: "Before me! Look where she comes!"

169. *Beagle.* A small kind of dog. The word is again used figuratively in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 174.

174. *Recover.* Gain, win. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 16: "ere I could recover the shore," etc.

177. *Call me cut.* Like "call me horse" in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 215. As Malone remarks, *cut* was probably synonymous with *curtal* (*A. W.* ii. 3. 65) and = a horse whose tail has been docked. He quotes *The Two Noble Kinsmen:* "He 'll buy me a white cut forth for to ride;" and *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: "But master, pray ye, let me ride upon Cut." Some make it = gelding.

180. *Burn some sack.* Cf. "burnt sack" in *M. W.* ii. 1. 223 and iii. 1. 112. For *sack*, see *Hen. V.* p. 187.

SCENE IV.—3. *Antique.* Quaint. For the accent, see *Macb.* p. 130, and cf. Gr. 492.

5. *Recollected.* "Studied" (Warb.), or "repeated" (Johnson). Schmidt is in doubt whether it means "picked, refined" or "trivial." Clarke thinks the reference may be to what musicians call "phrases of repetition" or "passages of imitation;" but this is improbable.

11. *Feste.* Possibly, as Clarke suggests, from the Italian *festeggiante*, which Florio defines as "Feasting, merrie, banqueting, pleasant, of good entertainment."

21. *The seat*, etc. That is, the heart. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 448: "Yield up, O Love, thy crown and hearted throne." Malone refers to i. 1. 37 above.

Thou dost speak masterly. "One of the few instances in which S. indirectly (and of course unconsciously) comments upon himself. Certainly there never was more masterly speaking on the effect produced by music upon a nature sensitively alive to its finest influences than Viola's few but intensely expressive words" (Clarke). For the adverbial use of *masterly*, see Gr. 1.

25. *By your favour.* As Johnson notes, there is a play upon *favour*. For its use = face, aspect, cf. iii. 4. 313, 366 below.

26. *Complexion.* Personal appearance (Schmidt); as in *V. and A.* 215: "Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion," etc. See also ii. 5. 24 below.

29. *Let still the woman*, etc. It is possible that the poet had in mind his own unfortunate marriage with a woman much older than himself (see p. 26 above); but Halliwell considers that this suggestion "not only destroys the independence of one of his best scenes, but is in itself exceedingly improbable."

33. *Unfirm.* See *R. and J.* p. 213, or Gr. 442.

34. *Worn.* Changed by Hanmer to "won." The emendation is plausible, but as *worn* (= forgotten, effaced) gives a good sense, we are hardly justified in displacing it. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 69: "These few days' wonder will be quickly worn."

37. *The bent.* That is, its tension. The metaphor is taken from the bending of a bow. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 232: "her affections have their full bent," etc.

41. *Perfection.* The word "not only applies to the blown beauty of the rose, but has figurative reference to the full loveliness of a woman when matched with her chosen manly counterpart in married union; thus affording corroboration of the reading *perfection* in i. 1. 39 above" (Clarke).

44. *Spinsters.* In its original sense of female spinners. Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 24 and *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 33, the only other instances of the word in S.

45. *Free.* Either = careless (Schmidt) or used as in the common poetical combination of "fair and free," where it has been variously explained as = frank, graceful, affable, and artless. Cf. Drayton, *Eclogue* iv.:

> "A daughter cleped Dowsabell,
> A maiden fair and free;"

the ballad of *Sir Eglamour:* "The erle's daughter fair and free;" Milton, *L'All.* 11: "But come, thou goddess fair and free," etc.

46. *Use.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 156.

Silly sooth. Simple truth (Johnson). For *sooth*, see *Macb.* p. 154.

48. *The old age.* The olden time, the primitive age. Cf. *Sonn.* 127. 1: "In the old age black was not counted fair."

52. *Cypress.* It is doubtful whether this means a shroud of *cypress* or *cyprus* (the modern *crape*), as Warton and Steevens explain it, or a coffin of cypress wood, as Malone makes it. It has been objected to the former that the shroud here is white, but Cotgrave mentions "white cipres."

In proof that cypress wood was used for coffins, Malone quotes Speed, who, in referring to the death of Robert de Vere, speaks of "the cypress chest wherein his body lay embalmed." "Cypress chests" (not coffins) are mentioned in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 353.

57. *My part of death*, etc. "Though *death* is a *part* in which every one acts his *share*, yet of all these actors no one is *so true* as I" (Johnson).

70. *Pleasure will be paid*, etc. "One of the beautifully wise and largely significant axioms that we owe to Shakespeare's fools; his fools have in their folly a reflection of their deviser's wit—wit replete with acute truth in playful expression" (Clarke).

74. *Taffeta.* A silken fabric; mentioned again in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 159. See also on i. 3. 124 above. Halliwell quotes Taylor the Water-Poet: "No Taffaty more changeable than they."

Opal. In allusion to the changeable colour of the stone. Steevens quotes Drayton, *Muses' Elysium:*

> "With opals more than any one
> We 'll deck thine altar fuller,
> For that of every precious stone
> It doth retain some colour."

77. *Every where.* Warb. wanted to read "no where;" but, as Mason says, "we cannot accuse a man of inconstancy who has no intents at all, though we may the man whose intents are every where, that is, are constantly varying."

80. *Cruelty.* See on i. 5. 271 above.

84. *Giddily.* Carelessly, negligently (Schmidt).

85. *That miracle*, etc. That fair frame, that beauteous person (Clarke).

Pranks. Decks, adorns. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 10: "Most goddess-like prank'd up;" and *Cor.* iii. 1. 23; "For they do prank them in authority." Halliwell cites James Yates, *The Chariot of Chastitie*, 1582:

> "Bountie doth give, when Beautie doth retaine:
> To prancke herselfe with pride, that is but vaine."

88. *I cannot.* The folio has "It cannot;" corrected by Hanmer.

96. *So big to hold.* That is, *as* to hold. See on ii. 2. 9 above. Gr. 281.

They lack retention. "This, from the Duke—who has lately affirmed that women's love is firmer and more lasting than men's—is but another point in keeping with his opal-hued mind" (Clarke).

98. *Liver.* For the liver as the seat of love, cf. ii. 5. 90 below. See also *A. Y. L.* p. 179, or *Much Ado*, p. 157. It was also reckoned the seat of courage. Cf. iii. 2. 19 and 57 below.

99. *Cloyment.* Used by S. only here. We find *cloyless* in *A. and C.* ii. 1. 25.

100. *The sea.* Cf. i. 1. 11 above; also *Temp.* iii. 3. 55: "the never-surfeited sea."

101. *Compare.* See *R. and J.* p. 178, note on *Past compare.*

110. *She never told her love*, etc. See pp. 14 and 20 above.

111. *A worm i' the bud.* Cf. *R. of L.* 848: "Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?" See also *Sonn.* 35. 4, 70. 7, 95. 2, *K. John*, iii. 4. 82, 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 68, 71, *Ham.* i. 3. 99, etc.

112. *Thought.* Love (Schmidt), or melancholy (Malone). See *T. C.* p. 146, note on *Take thought, and die.*

114. *Like patience.* Patience is personified, but grief is not. *Smiling* refers to *she*, not to *Patience*. The passage is often mispointed and misunderstood.

120. *I am all the daughters*, etc. "S., in such speeches as these, has shown not only his knowledge of the depths of feminine nature, but the utmost grace, refinement, and delicacy in fancy of which enigmatic reply is susceptible" (Clarke). *And yet I know not* refers to the possibility that her brother is still living.

124. *Denay.* Denial. Steevens cites examples of the old verb *denay* from Holinshed and Warner, but does not refer to its occurrence (in the folio) in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 107: "Then let him be denay'd the regentship."

SCENE V.—5. *Sheep-biter.* A cant term for a thief (D.). Schmidt says it is "evidently = a morose, surly, and malicious fellow;" but the following from Taylor the Water-Poet seems to show that D. is right:

> "And in some places I have heard and seene
> That currish sheep-biters have hanged beene."

Like many other words of the kind, it doubtless came to be used as a general term of contempt. We find *sheep-biting* in *M. for M.* v. 1. 359: "your sheep-biting face."

13. *Metal.* The 1st folio has "Mettle," the later folios "Nettle," which some editors prefer. *Metal* and *mettle* are used indiscriminately in the folio. See *Rich. II.* p. 157, note on *That metal.* Mason says: "The *nettle of India* is the plant that produces what is called cow-itch, a substance only used for the purpose of tormenting by its itching quality." If the plant was really known by that name, it would seem to favour the 2d folio reading; but, on the other hand, it may explain why the editor of that edition was led to change the earlier reading. *My metal of India* (= my golden girl, my jewel) is an expression quite in Sir Toby's vein.

20. *Caught with tickling.* Steevens cites Cogan, *Haven of Health*, 1595: "This fish of nature loveth flatterie: for, being in the water, it will suffer itself to be rubbed and clawed, and so to be taken." Halliwell adds several other references to this method of catching trout.

23. *Should she fancy.* If she (Olivia) should love. This is the only sense of the verb in S. For the absolute use, cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 165:

> "never did young man fancy
> With so eternal and so fix'd a soul."

For *complexion*, see on ii. 4. 26 above.

29. *Jets.* Struts. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 3. 5: "arch'd so high that giants may jet through." See also *Per.* i. 4. 26. Steevens quotes *Arden of Feversham*, 1592: "And bravely jets it in a silken gown;" and *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607: "To jet in others' plumes so haughtily."

30. *'Slight.* A corruption of "God's light;" used again in iii. 2. 12 below. Cf. *'slid* (iii. 4. 375 below), *'sblood* (*Oth.* i. 1. 4), *'sdeath* (*Cor.* i. 1. 221), *'swounds* (*Ham.* ii. 2. 604), etc.

36. *Strachy.* Printed in the folio with a capital and in italics, as if a proper noun. It has been the subject of much conjecture and discussion. Among the emendations proposed are "Stratarch" (Hanmer), "Trachy" =Thrace (Warb.), "Straccio" (Smith), "Strozzi" (Coll.), "Stracci" (Lloyd), "Duchy" (Bailey), etc. Halliwell explains *lady of the Strachy* as="the lawyer's or judge's lady or widow," and adds that "the term is now only preserved in the Russian, and was probably taken by S. from some novel or play." It may be the corruption of a family name (Italian most likely), in some old story now lost. Malone thinks that the same story may be alluded to in Lyly's *Euphues:* "Such a time I have read a young gentleman found to obtain the love of the Dutchesse of Milaine; such a time I have heard that a poor yeoman chose to get the fairest lady in Mantua." Boswell quotes Greene, *Card of Fancie*, 1593: "The dutchesse of Malphey chose for her husband her servant Ulrico."

The yeoman of the wardrobe was a regular title of office in the time of S. Florio translates *vestiario* by "a wardrobe-keeper, or a yeoman of a wardrobe."

38. *Jezebel.* "Sir Andrew merely knows this name as a term of reproach; and his applying a woman's name to a man is of a piece with his other accomplishments" (Clarke).

40. *Blows him.* Puffs him up. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 4. 27: "No blown ambition doth our arms incite," etc.

42. *State.* That is, chair of state; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 416: "this chair shall be my state," etc. See also *Macb.* p. 214.

43. *Stone-bow.* A cross-bow for throwing stones. Coles gives *balista* as the Latin equivalent. Marston, in his *Dutch Courtesan*, 1605 (quoted by Steevens), speaks of "those who shoot in stone-bows," etc.

45. *Day-bed.* Couch, sofa. The word is used again in *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 72 ("love-bed" in the folios).

49. *The humour of state.* "The high airs, the capricious insolence, of authority" (*Blackwood's Mag.*, quoted by Halliwell).

50. *A demure travel of regard.* Looking gravely about.

57. *My watch.* At the date of the play watches were just beginning to be worn in England. Malone says they were first brought to England from Germany in 1580. Steevens quotes *The Antipodes*, a comedy, 1638:

> "your project against
> The multiplicity of pocket-watches;"

and again:

> "when every puny clerk can carry
> The time o' th' day in his breeches."

With my—some, etc. The dash is not in the folio, and some modern editors omit it, making *my some rich jewel*=some rich jewel of mine. The 3d and 4th folios omit *my*. Perhaps, as Dr. Nicholson has suggested, Malvolio was about to say "with my chain," but "suddenly remembering that he would be no longer a steward, or any other golden-chained attendant [cf. ii. 3. 114 above], he stops short, and then confusedly alters his phrase to *some rich jewel*."

60. *By th' ears.* The 1st folio has "with cars," the later folios "with cares." Johnson conjectured "with carts," Tyrwhitt "with cables," Sr.

"with tears," Walker "with racks," Bailey "with screws," etc. W. reads "with cords." The reading in the text is Hanmer's, and seems to us the best that has been proposed. Clarke defends "with cars," comparing *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 265: "a team of horse shall not pluck that from me;" and Sir Toby's own expression "oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together," in iii. 2. 55 below. But "cars" are neither horses nor oxen, and S. uses the word only in the sense of chariots or triumphal cars.

70. *Scab.* For the personal use of the word, see *Much Ado*, p. 146. Halliwell quotes Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus:* "Doctor! you cozening scab!" and *The Divil's Charter*, 1607:

> "And by these honors, if I prove a blabbe,
> Then call me villaine, varlet, coward, skabbe."

78. *What employment have we here?* What work have we here? What 's to do here?

79. *Woodcock.* The bird was supposed to have no brains, and was therefore a common metaphor for a fool. See *Ham.* pp. 191, 275.

82. *Her very C's*, etc. Steevens having observed that there was neither a *C* nor a *P* in the direction of the letter, Ritson suggested that the full direction, according to the custom of the time, would be "*T*o the *U*nknown Beloved, this, and my good wishes, with *C*are *P*resent;" but S. was careless about consistency in these little matters.

84. *In contempt of question.* "Past question" (i. 3. 93 above).

88. *Soft!* This is, "in contempt of question," the familiar exclamation = hold! (see *M. N. D.* p. 176), but Malone saw in it an allusion to the custom of sealing letters with soft wax. According to Steevens, it was only certain legal instruments for which the soft wax was used.

Impressure. Impression. See *A. Y. L.* p. 182. Halliwell shows that the head of Lucretia was no unusual device on seals.

90. *Liver.* See on ii. 4. 98 above.

95. *Numbers.* Measure, versification; as in *L. L. L.* iv. 3, 57, etc.

97. *Brock.* Badger. Florio defines *tasso* as "a gray, a brocke, a badger;" and Baret has "A brocke, . . . or badger, *Melis.*" It was often used as a term of contempt. Nares quotes *The Isle of Gulls:* "I' faith, old brock, have I tane you?"

101. *M, O, A, I*, etc. Clarke remarks: "Such riddle-like assemblage of initial letters was not unusual, at the time S. wrote, in amatory epistles or gallant mottoes; and he has twice given nearly verbatim the *doth sway my life*, as though it were one of the conventional phrases of love-profession then in vogue." Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 4: "Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway."

106. *What dish*, etc. What a dish, etc. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 42: "Cassius, what night is this!" See also Gr. 86.

107. *Staniel.* Hanmer's correction of the "stallion" of the folios. The Coll. MS. has "falcon." The *staniel* was a species of hawk. *Check* was "a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight" (D.). Cf. iii. 1. 63 below.

115. *Sowter.* Here the name of a hound. The word meant a cobbler, as in the quotation illustrating *coziers'*, ii. 3. 86 above.

Though it be. Hanmer made this negative ("be n't"), but the meaning may be, as Malone gives it, "This fellow will, notwithstanding, catch at and be duped by our device, though the cheat is so *gross* that any one else would find it out." Clarke takes *though it be* as = since it is.

121. *Suffers under probation.* Is the worse for examination. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 165: "Hath suffer'd under praise."

123. *O shall end.* Johnson thought that *O* here meant "a hempen collar;" but more likely, as Steevens suggests, the idea is, "shall end in sighing." Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 90: "Why should you fall into so deep an O?"

130. *Are.* Changed by Rowe to "is;" but this "confusion of proximity," as Abbott calls it (Gr. 412) is not unfrequent in S. Cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 33: "The posture of your blows are yet unknown." See also *Hen. V.* v. 2. 19, *Ham.* i. 2. 38, etc. For *soft*, see on 88 above.

132. *In my stars.* In my destiny. It hardly needs explanation, but some critic has proposed "in my state."

133. *Born.* Rowe's correction of the "become" of the folios.

137. *Opposite.* Antagonistic, hostile; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 215, 402. Cf. the use of the noun = opponent, in iii. 2. 59, and iii. 4. 220, 254 below.

138. *Tang.* Twang. Hanmer added "with," to correspond with iii. 4. 67 below.

141. *Yellow stockings.* Much worn in the time of S. Steevens cites many allusions to the fashion in contemporaneous writers, and Clarke refers to the evidence of it still existing "in the saffron-coloured hose of the London Blue-Coat or Christ's-Hospital boys, who maintain the same costume as was worn in the time of the royal boy-founder of their school, Edward VI."

Cross-gartered. The fashion of wearing the garters crossed in various styles is illustrated by several woodcuts in Halliwell's folio ed. Steevens quotes, among other references to the practice, *The Lover's Melancholy*, 1629: "As rare an old youth as ever walk'd cross-gartered."

146. *The fortunate-unhappy.* Warb. wanted to read "fortunate and happy." The folio disguises the passage thus: "Farewell, shee that would alter seruices with thee, the fortunate vnhappy daylight and champian discouers not more: This is open," etc.

147. *Daylight and champaign*, etc. "That is, broad daylight and an open country cannot make things plainer" (Warb.).

149. *Point-devise.* Exactly, with utmost precision; also spelt *point-device.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 178.

151. *Jade me.* Make me appear like a jade, make me ridiculous (Schmidt). For the contemptuous use of the noun *jade*, see *Much Ado*, p. 121, note on *A jade's trick.*

156. *Strange, stout.* That is, distant, or reserved, and proud, or overbearing. Cf. v. 1. 204 below: "a strange regard;" and 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 187: "As stout and proud as he were lord of all."

166. *The Sophy.* The *Sufi* or Shah of Persia. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 25: "the Sophy and a Persian prince;" and Bacon, *Essay* 43: "*Ismael*, the *Sophy* of *Persia*."

173. *O' my neck.* For the confusion of *of* and *on*, see Gr. 175.

175. *Tray-trip.* A game probably similar to backgammon. Success in it depended on throwing a *trois* (Nares). It is often mentioned by writers of the time; as by B. and F. in *The Scornful Lady:* "Reproving him at tray-trip, sir, for swearing," etc.

181. *Aqua-vitæ.* "The old name of *strong waters*" (Johnson). Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 88, iv. 5. 16, etc.

189. *Tartar.* Tartarus. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 2. 32: "Tartar limbo, worse than hell;" and *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 123: "vasty Tartar." The Coll. MS. has "Tartarus," which is not found in S.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—2. *By thy tabor.* The *tabor* was an instrument often used by professional clowns, and Tarleton, the celebrated jester (see *Ham.* p. 221, note on *Your clowns*, etc.) is represented in an old print as playing on it. Here there is a play upon *by*, but it is not necessary to see in *tabor* any allusion to its use as the sign or name of an inn.

8. *Lies.* Lodges, lives; a common meaning of the word. See *Oth.* p. 193. Coll. and W. read "lives" here.

11. *To see this age!* Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 151: "the age is grown so picked," etc.

12. *Cheveril.* Kid; elsewhere used as a symbol of flexibility. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 32: "your soft cheveril conscience;" and *R. and J.* ii. 4. 87: "a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad."

14. *Dally nicely.* Play subtly or sophistically (Schmidt). Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 84: "Can sick men play so nicely with their names?"

34. *Pilchards.* "Pilchers" in the folios. The fish "is so like the herring that, according to Lord Teignmouth, they can only be distinguished by the ability of the pilchard to furnish the fat in which it can be fried, which the herring lacks" (W.).

38. *The orb.* The earth; as in *A. and C.* v. 2. 85: "But when he meant to quail and shake the orb," etc.

42. *Pass upon.* Make a thrust at; a metaphor taken from fencing. For the literal use, see *Ham.* v. 2. 309: "I pray you, pass with your best violence," etc.

43. *Expenses.* "Drinking-money" (Schmidt).

49. *A pair of these.* Referring of course to the coin given him.

50. *Use.* Usury, interest. Cf. *V. and A.* 768: "But gold that 's put to use more gold begets," etc.

51. *Lord Pandarus*, etc. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 1. 98, where Troilus says, "I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar," etc. See also *M. W.* i. 3. 83: "Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become?"

55. *Cressida was a beggar.* According to the story, she finally became a leper and begged by the roadside.

57. *Welkin.* Sky. See on ii. 3. 56 above; and for *element* in the same sense, *J. C.* p. 140.

63. *Not, like the haggard*, etc. The folios have "And like;" the correction was suggested by Johnson. For *haggard*=a wild or untrained hawk, see *Much Ado*, p. 140; and for *check*, see on ii. 5. 107 above. The only tolerable explanation of the folio reading is also due to Johnson: "The meaning may be that he must catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk strikes every bird;" but this does not suit the context.

67. *Wise men's folly shown*, etc. The 1st folio reads "wisemens folly falne, quite taint," etc. ("wise mens" in later folios). The reading in the text is Hanmer's, and is adopted by W. The latter remarks: "The antithesis is plainly between the folly which the fool shows and that which the wise men show. The former is *fit*, that is, becoming; but the latter, being unfit, that is, unbecoming, quite taints their wit, or intelligence." Many editors adopt Tyrwhitt's conjecture, "wise men, folly-fallen [that is, fallen into folly], quite taint," etc.

70. *Dieu vous garde.* As Sir Andrew did not know the meaning of *pourquoi* (i. 3. 86 above), some have thought it an oversight on the part of S. that he is made to speak French here: but we may suppose that he had merely picked up a few phrases, which he airs upon occasion. Viola humours the affectation by replying in French.

73. *Encounter.* Go towards; in the affected style of the time.

74. *Trade.* Business; as in *Ham.* iii. 2. 346: "Have you any further trade with us?"

76. *List.* Bound, limit; here used affectedly for goal or end, in sportive keeping with Sir Toby's address. See *Ham.* p. 249.

77. *Taste.* Try. Probably meant as another bit of affectation, and not an ordinary metaphor, like "taste their valour" in iii. 4. 232 below.

82. *Prevented.* Anticipated. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 305: "so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery," etc. See also *Ps.* cxix. 147: "I prevented the dawning of the morning," etc.

88. *Pregnant.* See on ii. 2. 26 above. *Vouchsafed*=vouchsafing.

90. *All ready.* Malone's emendation of the "already" of the folios.

98. *Lowly.* Schmidt explains the word as="mean, base;" as in *J. C.* iii. 1. 36: "lowly courtesies."

108. *To solicit.* For the *to* after *hear*, see Gr. 349.

109. *Music from the spheres.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 162, note on *The spheres. Dear* is a dissyllable (Gr. 480).

110. *Beseech you.* The 3d and 4th folios have "I beseech you." For ellipsis of the nominative, see Gr. 399–402.

111. *Did here.* The folios have "did heare" or "did hear." The correction is due to Warb. Theo. pointed the old text thus: "enchantment, you did hear," etc.

In *enchantment* there is an allusion to the old idea of love-charms. Cf. *Oth.* i. 2. 63: "thou hast enchanted her," etc.

112. *Abuse.* Deceive (Schmidt). See *Macb.* p. 187 or *Ham.* p. 215.

115. *To force.* For the "indefinite use" of the infinitive, see Gr. 356.

118. *Baited it.* An allusion to "bear-baiting" (i. 3. 88 above). Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 148: "Are these thy bears? we 'll bait thy bears to death," etc.

119. *Receiving.* "Ready apprehension" (Warb.). Cf. ii. 2. 9 above.

120. *Cypress.* "Cipresse" in the folio. See on ii. 4. 52 above. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 220:

> "Lawn as white as driven snow,
> Cyprus black as e'er was crow;"

and Milton, *Il Pens.* 35:

> "And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
> Over thy decent shoulders drawn."

Halliwell quotes the *Ballad of Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John:*

> "Her riding-suit was of sable-hue black,
> Cyprus over her face,
> Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush
> All with a comely grace."

121. *Hides.* Delius conjectures "Hideth." The later folios read "my poor heart." Malone took *hear* to be a dissyllable, like *dear* in 109 above; but that is a doubtful way of mending the metre here.

122. *Degree.* Step; like *grise* (see *Oth.* p. 165) in the next line.

123. *A vulgar proof.* A matter of common experience; as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 21: "'t is a common proof," etc.

132. *Proper.* Comely, handsome; as in *M. N. D.* i. 2. 88, *M. of V.* i. 2. 77, etc.

133. *Westward-ho!* The familiar cry of the boatmen on the Thames, like "Eastward-ho!" The former was taken as the name of a comedy by Dekker, as the latter was by B. J., Chapman, and Marston for one which they wrote in conjunction (Clarke).

134. *Attend.* W. adopts Steevens's "'tend."

138. *That you do think*, etc. "Viola's elegantly enigmatical way of telling Olivia that she is mistakenly enamoured" (Clarke).

149. *Maidhood.* Cf. *Oth.* i. 1. 173: "youth and maidhood." See on i. 5. 202 above.

150. *Maugre.* In spite of; used only here and in *T. A.* iv. 2. 110 and *Lear*, v. 3. 131.

Thy pride. The Coll. MS. has "my pride."

153. *For that.* Because. See Gr. 151, 288.

158. *And that no woman has.* And that has never been given to woman; *that* referring to the idea of "true love" implied in *heart, bosom*, and *truth*.

159. *Save I.* See Gr. 118.

SCENE II.—7. *Thee.* Omitted in 1st and 2d folios.

10. *Argument.* Proof. See *Much Ado*, p. 139.

12. *'Slight.* See on ii. 5. 30 above.

19. *Liver.* See on ii. 4. 98 above; and for *accosted*, cf. i. 3. 52.

21. *Fire-new.* Fresh from the mint, like *brand-new.* Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 179: "fire-new words;" *Rich. III.* i. 3. 256: "Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current," etc.

24. *Sailed into the north*, etc. Mr. C. H. Coote, in a paper on the "new map" of 72 below, read before the New Shakspere Society, June 14, 1878, makes this a reference to the discovery of Northern Novya

Zembla by the Dutchman Barenz in 1596, the news of which did not reach Holland until 1598.

29. *Brownist.* The *Brownists* were a Puritan sect, so called from Robert Browne, a noted separatist of Elizabeth's time.

33. *Love-broker.* Agent or "ambassador of love" (*M. of V.* ii. 9. 92).

39. *Curst.* Sharp, waspish. See *M. N. D.* p. 167. Douce sees here an allusion to the proverb "A curst cur must be tied short."

41. *If thou thou'st him*, etc. Theo. considered this an allusion to Attorney-General Coke's insulting address to Raleigh on his trial in 1602; but this was before the discovery of Manningham's memorandum (see p. 10 above). On the use of *thou* in this way, see Gr. 233.

44. *The bed of Ware.* This famous old four-poster was ten feet and nine inches square, and capable of holding a dozen persons. A cut of it may be found in Knight's *Pictorial Shakspere*, in Halliwell's folio ed., and in Chambers's *Book of Days*. D. says: "At what inn in Ware it was kept during Shakespeare's days is uncertain; but, after being for many years at the Saracen's Head, it was sold there by auction in September, 1864, and knocked down at a hundred guineas, the newspapers erroneously adding that Mr. Charles Dickens was the purchaser."

48. *Cubiculo.* Chamber, lodging (from the Latin *cubiculum*); another of Sir Toby's "affectioned" words.

54. *Wain-ropes.* Cart-ropes. See on ii. 5. 60 above; and for *hale* (=haul, draw), see *Much Ado*, p. 137.

57. *Liver.* See on ii. 4. 98 above.

58. *Anatomy.* Contemptuous for body; as in *R. and J.* iii. 3. 106 (Schmidt).

59. *Opposite.* Opponent. See on ii. 5. 137 above.

61. *Nine.* Theobald's emendation of the "mine" of the folios. The wren lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last-hatched nestling is generally the smallest of the brood (Steevens). Some editors, however, retain "mine."

63. *Stitches.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 326:

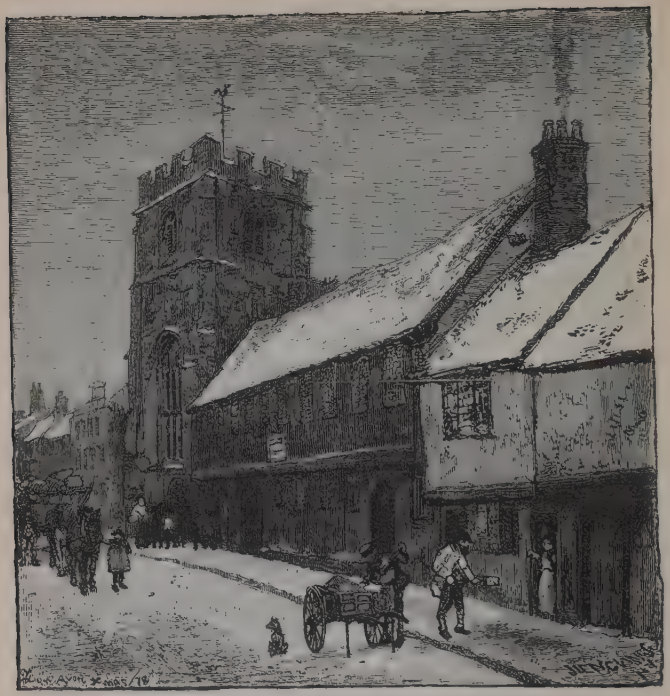
> "For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
> Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up."

66. *Passages.* Acts; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 8: "passages of life," etc.

68. *Pedant.* Pedagogue; its only sense in S. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 179: "a domineering pedant o'er the boy," etc.

A school i' the church. Halliwell states that the Grammar School at Stratford was at intervals during Shakespeare's time (probably while the schoolhouse was under repair) kept in the adjacent Chapel of the Guild, which was separated only by a lane from New Place. In the cut on page 150, the Grammar School is the building at the right of the Chapel. The latter was founded in 1269; but the chancel was rebuilt in 1450, and the rest of the edifice in the reign of Henry VII., to which period the school-house also belongs. See also cut in *M. of V.* p. 11.

72. *The new map*, etc. The editors have generally followed Steevens in seeing here an allusion to a map engraved for Linschoten's *Voyages*, an English translation of which was published in 1598. K. has a cut (not perfectly accurate in its details), showing the multilineal character



THE GUILD CHAPEL AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL, STRATFORD.

of the map. But, as Mr. Coote has proved in the paper mentioned above (see on 24), this map was not a *new* one, but "a feebly reduced copy of an old one, the latest geographical information to be found on it when *T. N.* appeared being at least thirty years old," and "it showed no portion of the great Indian peninsula." The true *new map* was pretty certainly one which Hallam in his *Literature of Europe* calls "the best map of the 16th century," and which he says is "found in a few copies of the *first* edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages*." This edition, however, was published in 1589, while the map (see on 24 above) records discoveries made at least seven years later. "The truth," as Mr. Coote remarks, "seems to be that it was a separate map well known at the time, made in all probability for the convenience of the purchasers of either one or the other of the two editions of Hakluyt" [the second was pub-

lished in 1598–1600]. The author of the map was probably Mr. Emmerie Mollineux of Lambeth, who was also the first Englishman to make a terrestrial globe.*

The *augmentation of the Indies* on this map consists in "a marked development of the geography of India proper, then known as the land of the Mogores or Mogol, the island of Ceylon, and the two peninsulas of Cochin-China and the Corea." Japan also "began to assume its modern shape," and there are "traces of the first appearance of the Dutch under Houtman at Bantam (west end of Java), synchronizing almost within a year with that of their fellow-countrymen in Novya Zembla, and which within ten years led to their unconscious discovery, or rather rediscovery, of Australia." It may be added that this map has *more lines* than the one in Linschoten's *Voyages*, there being *sixteen* sets of rhumb-lines on the former to *twelve* on the latter. Mr. Coote's paper is printed in full in the *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society*, 1877–79, p. 88 fol., with a fac-simile engraving of a portion of the map.

SCENE III.—8. *Jealousy.* Apprehension. It is often = suspicion; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 126. See also *Ham.* p. 247.

9. *Skilless.* Inexperienced. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 1. 53:

> "How features are abroad
> I am skilless of;"

and *R. and J.* iii. 3. 132: "Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask."

15. *But thanks*, etc. The folio reads: "And thankes: and euer oft good turnes." The emendation is due to Theo., and is perhaps the best of the many that have been proposed. The Coll. MS. has "And thanks, still thanks; and very oft good turns."

17. *Worth.* Wealth, fortune. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 6. 32: "They are but beggars that can count their worth;" *Oth.* i. 2. 28: "the sea's worth;" *Lear*, iv. 4. 10: "my outward worth," etc.

18. *What's to do?* For the active use of the infinitive, see Gr. 359.

19. *Reliques.* Explained by the *memorials* and *things of fame* in 23 just below.

20. *Renown.* Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 118: "The blood and courage that renowned them," etc. The participle *renowned* is still in use.

26. *His.* Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 123: "Charles his gleeks," etc. For other examples, see Gr. 217.

29. *Belike.* Probably, I suppose. See *Ham.* p. 225.

32. *Bloody argument.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 150: "when blood is their argument;" *Id.* iii. 1. 21: "And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument," etc.

36. *Lapsed.* Surprised, caught (Schmidt). See *Ham.* p. 238. Clarke explains it as = "inadvertently straying, heedlessly lost."

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* This globe was brought out in 1592, and "the only example of it known to exist in England is the one now preserved in the Library of the Middle Temple, with the date altered (by the pen) to 1603." Mr. Coote suggests that, as S. was not unfamiliar with the use of the globe (see *C. of E.* iii. 2. 116, and cf. *R. of L.* 407), "he may possibly have consulted and handled this precious monument of geography, *the first globe made in England and by an Englishman.*"

37. *Open.* Openly. Gr. 1. Cf. *in open* in *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 405: "was view'd in open as his queen."

41. *Whiles.* Needlessly changed by some editors to "while." Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 217, 284, 310, *J. C.* i. 2. 209, etc. Gr. 137.

SCENE IV.—1. *He says he 'll come.* Apparently = Suppose he says he 'll come. Theo. made it read "Say, he will come."

2. *Of.* On. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 5. 103: "I will bestow some precepts of this virgin" ("on" in later folios), etc. Gr. 175.

5. *Sad and civil.* Sober and well-mannered (Schmidt). For *sad*, see *Much Ado*, p. 121; and for *civil*, see *Id.* p. 133.

7–10. *Where is . . . rave?* Printed as verse in the folio, the lines ending with *madam, madam,* and *rave.*

12. *Were best.* See on i. 5. 27 above.

19. *Sad.* Grave, serious; as in 69 below. Cf. 5 above.

23. *Please one,* etc. The title of an old ballad.

47. *Thy yellow stockings!* Lettsom suggested "My yellow stockings!" as Olivia has no idea that Malvolio is quoting the letter.

52. *Am I made?* It has been suggested by those who believe that Olivia was a widow (see p. 10 above) that *made* should be "maid;" but this is sufficiently disproved by i. 2. 36 above. Clarke says: "Olivia's surprise is at hearing that she, the rich heiress, the lady of rank, should be supposed to have a chance of making her fortune, of becoming 'a *made* woman.'"

53. *Midsummer madness.* Steevens quotes from Ray's *Proverbs*, "'T is midsummer moon with you" (that is, you are mad); and Halliwell, among many similar allusions, gives from Palsgrave, 1590: "He wyll waxe madde this mydsommer moone, if you take nat good hede on hym;" and *Poor Richard's Almanack:* "Some people about midsummer moon are affected in their brain."

60. *Miscarry.* Often = come to a bad end, perish, die, etc. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 8. 29, iii. 2. 318, v. 1. 251, *Cor.* i. 1. 270, *R. and J.* v. 3. 267, etc.

66. *Tang.* The 1st folio misprints "langer." Cf. the letter, ii. 5. 138 above.

68. *Consequently.* Subsequently, afterwards; as in *K. John*, iv. 2. 240, etc.

69. *Sir.* Lord; as in *Temp.* v. 1. 69: "a loyal sir," etc. For the ironical use of the word, see *Oth.* p. 174, note on *Play the sir.*

70. *Limed her.* Caught her as with bird-lime. See *Much Ado*, p. 142 or *Ham.* p. 233.

For *Jove's* Halliwell gives "God's," which may have been the original reading, changed in obedience to the act of James I. against the use of the divine name on the stage (cf. *Oth.* p. 11). W. conjectures "Love's."

73. *Fellow.* He takes the word in the sense of "companion" (Johnson).

74. *Adheres.* Coheres, is in accordance. See *Macb.* p. 179.

75. *Incredulous.* Incredible. Cf. *deceivable* in iv. 3. 21 below, and *unprizable* in v. 1. 49. Gr. 3.

80. *In little.* In a small compass. Cf. *L. C.* 90:

"For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn."

See also *Ham.* p. 208.

84. *Private.* Privacy; as in the common phrase *in private.*

97. *Water.* For other allusions to this method of diagnosis, see 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 2 and *Macb.* v. 3. 51. Douce remarks: "Here may be a direct allusion to one of the two ladies of this description mentioned in the following passage from Heywood's play of *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon:* 'You have heard of Mother Nottingham, who for her time was pretty well skill'd in casting of waters: and after her, Mother Bombye.'"

107. *Bawcock.* Used like *chuck* (= *chick*) but always masculine (Schmidt). See *Hen. V.* p. 163; and for *chuck*, *Macb.* p. 212.

111. *Cherry-pit.* A game in which cherry-stones were pitched into a small hole. Steevens quotes *The Witch of Edmonton:* "I have lov'd a witch ever since I play'd at cherry-pit;" and Halliwell, among other illustrations, gives from the old interlude of *The Worlde and the Chylde*, 1522: "I can playe at the chery-pytte."

112. *Collier.* The devil was so called for his blackness. Johnson quotes the old proverb, "Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier."

118. *Element.* Cf. iii. 1. 57 above.

129. *In a dark room and bound.* On the old-time treatment of the insane, see *A. Y. L.* p. 178, note on *A dark house*, etc.

134. *A finder of madmen.* Alluding to the legal phrase, *finding mad* (cf. *finding guilty*, etc.).

136. *For a May morning.* An allusion to the popular sports and diversions of May-day.

144. *Admire.* Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 154:

"these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason," etc.

151. *To.* Omitted by Rowe and some modern editors.

156. *The windy side.* The safe side; a metaphor taken from hunting. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 327: "it keeps on the windy side of care;" that is, "so that care cannot scent and find it" (Schmidt).

159. *Upon mine.* Johnson suggested "upon thine;" but, as Mason remarks, the old reading is more humorous. "The man on whose soul he hopes that God will have mercy is the one that he supposes will fall in the combat; but Sir Andrew hopes to escape unhurt, and to have no present occasion for that blessing." Cf. what Dame Quickly says in *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 20: "Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet."

165. *Commerce.* Business, intercourse. See *Ham.* p. 218.

By and by. Presently, soon. See *Oth.* p. 180 or *Hen. V.* p. 155.

167. *Scout.* Be on the look-out. *Me* is the "ethical dative." Gr. 220.

168. *Bum-baily.* Changed by Theo. to "bum-bailiff;" but the blunder was no doubt intentional.

169. *Horrible.* The later folios have "horribly." Gr. 1. Cf. *unchary* in 191 below.

171. *Gives manhood more approbation.* That is, gets one more credit for manly courage.

185. *Cockatrices.* For the fabled power of the cockatrice or basilisk to kill with a look, see *Hen. V.* p. 183, note on *The fatal balls*, and *R. and J.* p. 186, note on *Death-darting eye*, etc. Cf. also *R. of L.* 540: "a cockatrice' dead-killing eye."

191. *On 't.* Some editors adopt Theobald's "out;" but no change seems called for. We are inclined, with Schmidt, to make *laid on 't* = staked upon it. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 5. 85: "And on the wager lay two earthly women;" *Ham.* v. 2. 174: "he hath laid on twelve for nine," etc. *Unchary* = heedlessly, recklessly.

195. *Haviour.* Commonly printed "'haviour," but it is not a contraction of *behaviour*. See Wb. s. v.

197. *Jewel.* "Any personal ornament of gold or precious stones" (Schmidt), a piece of jewelry. Thus in *M. of V.* v. 1. 224, it is = a ring; in *Cymb.* ii. 3. 146, a bracelet, etc. Steevens quotes Markham, *Arcadia*, 1607: "She gave him a very fine jewel, wherein was set a most rich diamond."

211. *Attends.* Is waiting for. See *Oth.* p. 188.

Dismount thy tuck. Draw thy sword or rapier. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 274: "you vile standing-tuck" (no hyphen in early eds.). Halliwell quotes *Nomenclator*, 1585: "*Verutum*, . . . a rapier; a tucke;" and Bullein, *Bulwarke of Defence*, 1579: "with tucke and sharp knife."

212. *Yare.* Quick, ready. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 7. 39: "Their ships are yare, yours heavy." See also *Id.* iii. 13. 131, v. 2. 286, *Temp.* i. 1. 7, 37, v. 1. 224, etc. The adverb *yarely* occurs in *Temp.* i. 1. 4 and *A. and C.* ii. 2. 216.

220. *Opposite.* See on ii. 5. 137 above, and cf. 254 below.

223. *Unhatched.* "Unhacked, not blunted with blows" (Schmidt). Cf. *hatched* (Fr. *haché*) = cut, engraved, in *T. and C.* i. 3. 65. As Sr. remarks, "the word exists still in the technical *cross-hatching* of engravers." Many editors adopt Pope's "unhacked."

224. *On carpet consideration.* That is, a "mere carpet-knight;" which, according to Clarke, means one "created in times of peace, kneeling on a carpet, and not on the field of battle." See *Much Ado*, p. 168, note on *Carpet-mongers*.

225. *Incensement.* Anger, exasperation; used by S. only here.

227. *Hob, nob.* A corruption of *hab or nab* = have or have not, hit or miss, at random. Holinshed (*Ireland*) has "shot hab or nab at random." Cf. *Hudibras:* "Although set down hab-nab, at random."

230. *Conduct.* Escort; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 148, *Hen. V.* i. 2. 297, etc.

232. *Belike.* See on iii. 3. 29 above.

Quirk. Humour, whim. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 51: "quirks of joy and grief," etc.

238. *Meddle.* "Have to do" (Schmidt); as in 266 below. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 40: "the shoemaker should meddle with his yard," etc. Malone compares the vulgar expression, "I 'll neither meddle nor make with it."

248. *A mortal arbitrement.* "A deadly decision, an arbitration by the sword" (Clarke).

260. *Re-enter Sir Toby*, etc. D. begins a new scene here, headed "*The Street adjoining Olivia's Garden.*" He says: "Though the folio does not mark a new scene, it is certain that previous to the entrance of the two knights, the audience of Shakespeare's days (who had no painted movable scenery before their eyes *) were to *suppose* a change of scene." It appears from v. 1. 58 below that Antonio was arrested "in the streets;" that is, in the street "at the corner of the orchard" (iii. 4. 166) or "the orchard-end" (iii. 4. 212), and not in the "orchard" or garden (see *J. C.* p. 142 or *Much Ado*, p. 126). We, however, retain the old arrangement of scenes, to avoid confusion in cross-references.

261. *Firago.* A corruption of *virago.* The critics have been troubled because the word is feminine; but, as Schmidt says, it is "used at random by Sir Toby to frighten Sir Andrew, who 'has not bestowed his time in the tongues.'" See on ii. 5. 38 above.

262. *Stuck.* The same word as *stock*=*stoccado*, or *stoccata*, a thrust in fencing. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 162: "your venomed stuck." See also *R. and J.* p. 181, note on *A la stoccata.* Capell prints "stuck-in," and Sr. "stuckin."

265. *The Sophy.* See on ii. 5. 166 above.

279. *Is as horribly conceited.* Is possessed with as horrible an idea. For *conceit*=to form an idea, to judge, cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 162, iii. 1. 192, and *Oth.* iii. 3. 149.

282. *Oath sake.* So printed in the early eds., and probably to be explained in the same way as "justice sake" (*J. C.* iv. 3. 19), "sentence end" (*A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 144), etc. Abbott (Gr. 217) recognizes this ellipsis only in dissyllables. Many editors follow Capell in printing "oath's sake;" but the Var. of 1821, K., St., W., the Camb. ed., and Clarke retain the old reading. D. has "oath-sake."

284. *Supportance.* Maintaining, upholding; used only here and (literally) in *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 32: "supportance to the bending twigs."

291. *By the duello.* According to the laws of duelling. For an account of Saviolo's book on this subject, see *A. Y. L.* p. 198.

302. *Undertaker.* Meddler (Schmidt); or perhaps=one who takes a business upon himself, as in *Oth.* iv. 1. 224, the only other instance of the word in S.

305. *If you please.* "The exquisite humour and perfectly characteristic effect of these three words in Viola's mouth, at this juncture, are delightful" (Clarke).

313. *Favour.* Face. See on ii. 4. 25 above.

327. *Part.* For the adverbial use, cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 296: "hath part confess'd his villany," etc.

329. *Having.* Property. See *A. Y. L.* p. 178. So *my present*=what I now have.

345. *With such sanctity of love*, etc. The break in the construction here "has a specially natural effect, from the agitation with which Antonio speaks" (Clarke).

347. *Venerable.* Worthy of reverence or worship. It is used meta-

* See our ed. of *R. and J.* p. 206, note on *Romeo, I come*, etc.

phorically, as the context shows. The Coll. MS. substitutes "veritable."

350. *Feature.* For the singular (="make, exterior, the whole turn or cast of the body," as Schmidt defines it), cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 68: "Her peerless feature, joined with her birth;" *Ham.* iii. 1. 167: "to show virtue her own feature," etc.

352. *Unkind.* Used in a stronger sense than at present, and almost = unnatural. Cf. *T. C.* iii. 2. 187: "the most unkindest cut of all;" *Lear*, iii. 4. 73: "his unkind daughters," etc.

354. *Trunks.* The allusion is to the elaborately carved chests of the poet's time, specimens of which are still to be seen in museums and old English mansions. Schmidt makes *o'erflourished* = "varnished over;" but it more likely refers to the florid carving of these ancient *trunks*. This word is again used figuratively in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 495, where the Prince calls Falstaff "that trunk of humours."

358. *So do not I.* "This, I believe, means, I do not yet believe myself when, from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life" (Johnson). It may mean "He believes that he knows me; I do not believe so" (Clarke).

362. *Couplet.* Couple; used by S. only here and in *Ham.* v. 1. 310: "her golden couplets."

363. *I my brother know*, etc. That is, I recognize my resemblance to my brother when I see my own face in a mirror.

365. *He went*, etc. This seems to be introduced by the poet to explain why Viola is dressed like her brother, which was necessary to their being taken for each other.

367. *If it prove.* That is, "that I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you" (361 above).

374. *'Slid.* A contraction of "by God's lid" (*T. and C.* i. 2. 228). It occurs again in *M. W.* iii. 4. 24. See on ii. 5. 30 above.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—12. *Vent.* Reed remarks that "this affected word seems to have been in use in Shakespeare's time." There can be no doubt of that, as he has used it himself eight or ten times. See *Temp.* i. 2. 280, *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 41, *Lear*, i. 1. 168, etc.

14. *This great lubber, the world.* The folio reading, retained by Coll., D., K., V., Halliwell, the Camb. editors, and Clarke. The meaning seems to be, I am afraid the whole world is growing cockneyish; or, as Johnson puts it, "affectation and foppery will overspread the world." This certainly seems a simpler and more natural explanation than we get from Douce's emendation, "this great lubberly word," which W. adopts. As D. remarks, it is hardly probable that S. would have made the Clown speak of *vent* as "a great lubberly word," or that "great lubberly" could signify either "imposing" (Badham) or "pretentious"

(W.). The text may possibly be corrupt, but we prefer it to any emendation that has been proposed. K. suggests that the passage may be intended to be spoken aside, and is = "I am afraid the world will prove this great lubber (Sebastian) a cockney;" but the inversion seems awkward here.

15. *Ungird thy strangeness.* Unbend or relax thy reserve. Cf. *strange* in ii. 5. 156 above.

18. *Greek.* "Jester" (Malone), "merry-maker" (Clarke). Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 118: "a merry Greek indeed;" *Id.* iv. 4. 58: "the merry Greeks." The Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of revelry and merriment (Schmidt).

23. *Fourteen years' purchase.* An English technical term in buying land. The current price in the time of S. appears to have been *twelve* years' purchase; and *fourteen years' purchase* may therefore be = a high price.

26. *And there*, etc. The folio has "and there, and there," but the measure requires the third "and there," which Capell added. Such omissions are not uncommon in the early eds.

39. *Well fleshed.* Evidently addressed to Sebastian, not, as some have supposed, to Sir Andrew. *Fleshed* = made fierce and eager for combat, as a dog fed with flesh only (Schmidt). Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 11: "the flesh'd soldier;" *Rich. III.* iv. 3. 6: "flesh'd villains, bloody dogs," etc.

49. *Manners.* Used as singular in *A. W.* ii. 2. 9, *R. and J.* v. 3. 214, etc.

51. *Rudesby.* Rude fellow. Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 2. 10: "a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen."

53. *Extent.* Conduct (Schmidt); as in *Ham.* ii. 2. 390: "my extent to the players." Johnson takes it to be = violence, connecting it with the legal sense of seizure of goods, for which see *A. Y. L.* p. 169.

54. *Fruitless.* Vain, idle (Schmidt).

56. *Botch'd up.* Cf. the use of *botcher* in i. 5. 41 above. See also *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 115 and *Ham.* iv. 5. 10.

58. *Deny.* Refuse, say no. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 291, *A. W.* ii. 1. 90, *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 35, etc. For *beshrew*, see *M. N. D.* p. 152.

59. *Heart.* For the play on the word, see on i. 1. 16 above.

60. *What relish is in this?* "How does this taste! What judgment am I to make of it?" (Johnson).

62. *Lethe.* See *Ham.* p. 195.

SCENE II.—2. *Sir Topas.* The title *Sir* was formerly applied to priests and curates in general. Nares explains the usage thus: "*Dominus*, the academical title of a bachelor of arts, was usually rendered by *Sir* in English at the universities; therefore, as most clerical persons had taken that first degree, it became usual to style them *Sir*." Latimer speaks of "a Sir John, who hath better skill in playing at tables, or in keeping a garden, then in God's word."

4. *Dissemble.* Disguise. Sr. quotes Hutton's *Dict.*, 1583: "*Dissimulo*, to dissemble, to cloak, to hide."

6. *Tall.* Reed adopted Farmer's conjecture of "fat," and Tyrwhitt

suggested "pale." Steevens says that the Clown may mean "not tall enough to overlook a pulpit." Clarke thinks that *tall* is = stout, robust (see on i. 3. 18 above), making a good antithesis to *lean*. The natural interpretation seems to us to be, not of sufficiently commanding presence.

10. *Competitors*. Confederates, associates. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 82: "he and his competitors in oath," etc.

12. *Bonos dies*. Clarke says, "Spanish, good day." We should have taken it to be Latin.

The old hermit of Prague. "Not the celebrated heresiarch, Jerome of Prague, but another of that name, born likewise at Prague, and called *the hermit of Camaldoli* in Tuscany" (Douce).

14. *King Gorboduc*. An old British king. The folios have "Gorbodacke" or "Gorbodack."

15. *For what is that*, etc. "A playful satire on the pedantry of logic in the schools" (Clarke).

36. *Bay-windows*. The English editors explain that this is "the name for what are now called *bow-windows*." We hardly need say that in this country *bay-window* is the term in use. Cf. B. J., *Cynthia's Revels*: "retired myself into a bay-window;" Middleton, *Women beware Women*:

> "'T is a sweet recreation for a gentlewoman
> To stand in a bay-window, and see gallants," etc.

Boswell says: "Johnson admits only *bay-window* into his Dictionary, and consequently considers *bow-window* as a vulgar corruption."

37. *Clear-stores*. The first folio has "cleere stores," the later ones "cleare stones" or "clear stones." If the former is what S. wrote, it is doubtless equivalent to the Gothic *clerestory*; if the latter, "clear stones," or transparent stones, is nonsense of the same sort as *transparent as barricadoes*. That some of the editors should complain of both readings as "unintelligible" is almost as good a joke as any of the Clown's.

48. *Constant*. Consistent, logical. Cf. *constancy* = consistency, in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 26, etc.

49. *Pythagoras*. For other allusions to his doctrine of metempsychosis, see *M. of V.* iv. 2. 54 fol. and *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 187.

51. *Happily*. Most editors adopt Capell's "haply;" but *happily* often occurs with this sense. See *Ham.* pp. 175, 208, or Gr. 42.

58. *Woodcock*. See on ii. 5. 79 above.

62. *For all waters*. That is, fit for any thing, like a fish that can swim equally well in all waters (Malone). Warb. takes it to refer to "the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief;" and Mason sees an allusion to the jeweller's use of *water* (= the lustre of a gem), with a pun on *Topas* and *topaz*.

69. *Upshot*. See *Ham.* p. 277.

71. *Hey Robin*, etc. This old ballad may be found in Percy's *Reliques*.

74. *Perdy*. A corruption of *par Dieu*. See also *Ham.* p. 229.

85. *Besides*. Often used as a preposition. Cf. *Sonn.* 23. 2: "besides his part;" *C. of E.* iii. 2. 78: "besides myself," etc. Gr. 34.

90. *Propertied*. Made a property of, taken possession of (as a thing having no will of its own). Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 79:

"I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control," etc.

93. *Malvolio*, etc. St. inserts "[*As Sir Topas*]" here; but it is sufficiently evident that the Clown is playing a double part, and carrying on a colloquy with the imaginary parson.

94. *Endeavour thyself.* Halliwell cites Latimer, *Sermons:* "The devil, with no less diligence, endeavoureth himself to let [see on v. 1. 241 below] and stop our prayers;" and Holinshed, *Chronicles:* "He endevored himself to answer the expectation of his people."

95. *Bibble babble.* Idle talk. Fluellen (*Hen. V.* iv. 1. 71) calls it "pible pable." Halliwell quotes Florio, *Second Frutes*, 1591: "cast idlenes, slouthfulnes, and thy bible bable aside;" and Heywood, *Spider and Flie*, 1566: "all confused so in such bibble babble."

99. *I will, sir, I will.* "Spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas had whispered" (Johnson).

102. *Shent.* Chidden, reproved, or "snubbed" (Clarke). See *Ham.* p. 231. Reed quotes Ascham, *Report and Discourse:* "good men shall commonly be shent if they speak what they should."

106. *Well-a-day that*, etc. Ah that, alas that, etc. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 5. 15: "O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!" In *Per.* iv. 4. 49: "His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day" (=grief, sorrow).

109. *Advantage.* For the verb, see *Hen. V.* p. 175, note on *The peasant best advantages.*

111. *Are you not mad indeed? or do you*, etc. Johnson omitted *not*, and Malone conjectured "and" for *or;* but no change is necessary. The Clown is made to speak in his usual rambling way, "seeming to ask Malvolio a sympathizing question, but in fact asking him whether he be not mad one way or other, either really or pretendedly, since mad he seems to be" (Clarke).

122. *Vice.* The fool of the old moralities, doubtless so called from the *vicious* qualities attributed to him (see D. and Wb.), and not, as Steevens says, from the French *vis* (still used in *vis-à-vis*), because the character was acted in a *mask.* He often carried a *dagger of lath*, with which he used to belabour the devil and sometimes attempted to pare his long nails. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 4. 76: "Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger." See also *Ham.* p. 237, note on *A vice of kings.*

129. *Goodman devil.* The 1st folio has "good man diuell," the 2d "good man Divell," the 3d and 4th "good man Devil." Some editors adopt Rowe's "goodman Drivel." *Goodman* was a familiar appellation, and sometimes used contemptuously; as in the "goodman boy" of *R. and J.* i. 5. 79 and *Lear*, ii. 2. 48.

SCENE III.—3. *Wonder that enwraps me.* Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 146: "I am so attir'd in wonder," etc.

6. *Was.* That is, had been. For irregular use of tenses in S., see Gr. 346 fol.

Credit. Explained by Coll. and Schmidt as=belief; but Steevens

gives quotations to show that the word was then used in the sense of "oral intelligence," and Sr. adds from a letter of Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Throgmorton: "This beror came from you with great spede . . . We have heard his credit, and fynd your carefulness and diligence very great."

8. *Golden.* Valuable, excellent; as in *Macb.* i. 7. 33: "golden opinions," etc.

9. *Disputes.* Reasons, argues; as in *R. and J.* iii. 3. 63: "Let me dispute with thee," etc.

12. *Instance.* Example, precedent. For *discourse* = reasoning, see *Ham.* p. 183, note on *Discourse of reason.* Sr. quotes from Granville: "The act of the mind which connects propositions, and deduceth conclusions from them, the schools call *discourse*, and we shall not miscall it if we name it *reason*."

14. *Wrangle.* Quarrel (Schmidt), or dispute (Clarke). The latter remarks that it was a term in logic, and adds: "S. thus maintains the introduction of schoolmen's expressions throughout this portion of Sebastian's speech; which aids to give it a *manly air*, in characteristic contrast with the *womanly air* investing all that is uttered by the twin counterpart Viola."

18. *Take and give back*, etc. "Elliptically expressed, in Shakespeare's most condensed yet comprehensive way. It gives the sense of 'take affairs in hand, give back orders respecting them, and see to their being executed with dispatch'" (Clarke). D. conjectures "them dispatch."

21. *Deceivable.* Deceptive, delusive; as in the only other example of the word in S. See *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 84: "whose duty is deceivable and false." See also on i. 5. 165, 208, and ii. 1. 22 above. Gr. 3.

24. *Chantry.* A chapel endowed for the purpose of chanting masses for the souls of the dead. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 318:

> "and I have built
> Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
> Sing still for Richard's soul."

By = hard by, or near; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 94: "into a neighbour thicket by," etc.

26. *Plight me*, etc. As Douce has shown, this was not an actual marriage, but a *betrothing*, or formal promise of future marriage. It was anciently known by the name of *espousals*, which subsequently came to be applied to the marriage proper, or what is here called the *celebration.* See on v. 1. 253 below.

28. *May live*, etc. Hanmer, for the metre, reads "May henceforth live." Abbott (Gr. 508) considers it a case in which "a marked pause" leads to the omission of a foot.

29. *Whiles.* Until. Cf. the use of *while* in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 122, *Macb.* iii. 1. 44, etc. See also Gr. 137. *While* is still used in this sense in Yorkshire.

Come to note. Become known. Cf. *W. T.* i. 1. 40: "a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note," etc.

30. *What time.* At which time, when; a poetical idiom. Cf. *Rich.*

III. iv. 4. 490 : "Where and what time your majesty shall please ;" Milton, *Lycidas*, 28 : "What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn," etc.

34. *And heavens so shine*, etc. Steevens suggests that there may be an allusion to the proverbial saying, "Happy is the bride upon whom the sun shines."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—1. *His.* The later folios have "this."

18. *Conclusions to be as kisses*, etc. Theo. adopted Warburton's conjecture, "so that, conclusion to be asked, is," etc. Hanmer gave "the conclusion to be asked is," etc. Farmer cites *Lust's Dominion :*

> "*Queen.* Come, let 's kisse.
> *Moor.* Away, away.
> *Queen.* No, no, sayes, I [ay] ; and twice away, sayes stay."

Coleridge says : "Surely Warb. could never have wooed by kisses and won, or he would not have flounder-flatted so just and humorous, nor less pleasing than humorous, an image into so profound a nihility. In the name of love and wonder, do not four kisses make a double affirmative ? The humour lies in the whispered 'No !' and the inviting 'Don't !' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative." The Camb. ed. remarks : "The meaning seems to be nothing more recondite than this : as in the syllogism it takes two premises to make one conclusion, so it takes two people to make one kiss."

25. *Double-dealing.* There is a play on the word, as on *double-dealer* just below, and in *Much Ado*, v. 4. 116.

28. *Grace.* Virtue (Schmidt) ; as in *R. of L.* 712 : "desire doth fight with grace ;" *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 56 : "as innocent as grace itself," etc.

30. *So much a sinner to be.* For the omission of *as*, see on ii. 4. 96 above.

34. *Saint Bennet.* This church, according to Halliwell, was St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London, destroyed in the great fire of 1666. S. doubtless had this in mind, but churches dedicated to San Benedetto, or Benedict, are common enough in Italy.

36. *At this throw.* "By this device, by this trick" (Schmidt) ; alluding to playing with dice or with bowls. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 33 :

> "If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
> Which is the better man, the greater throw
> May turn by fortune from the weaker hand ;"

and *Cor.* v. 2. 20 :

> "Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
> I have tumbled past the throw."

Some take *throw* to be = time. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 5373 : "Now let us stint of Custance but a throw" (that is, but a little while), etc.

40. *Lullaby.* The word was sometimes used as a verb ; as in Copley's

Fig for Fortune, 1596 (quoted by Halliwell): "sweet sound that all mens sences lullabieth."

48. *Bawbling.* Insignificant, like a bauble. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 35: "How many shallow bauble boats dare sail," etc.

49. *Unprizable.* Not to be prized, valueless (Schmidt). Abbott (Gr. 3) explains it as "not able to be made a prize of, or captured." In the only other passage in which S. uses the word (Cymb. i. 4. 99), it is=invaluable, inestimable.

50. *Scathful.* Harmful, destructive. Cf. the noun *scathe* (=injury, damage) in *K. John*, ii. 1. 75: "To do offence and scathe in Christendom," etc.; and the verb in *R. and J.* i. 5. 86: "This trick may chance to scathe you."

51. *Bottom.* Still used in the sense of vessel. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 42, *K. John*, ii. 1. 73, and *Hen. V.* iii. chor. 12.

55. *Fraught.* Freight (which is not found in S.). Cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 449: "Swell, bosom, with thy fraught." We find *fraughtage* in the same sense in *C. of E.* iv. 1. 87 and *T. and C.* prol. 13. For the verb *fraught*, see *Temp.* i. 2. 13, *Cymb.* i. 1. 126, etc.

From Candy. That is, on her voyage from Candy, or Candia.

56. *Tiger.* Again used as the name of a ship in *Macb.* i. 3. 7: "Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger."

58. *Desperate of shame and state.* Reckless of disgrace and danger (Schmidt).

59. *Brabble.* Brawl, quarrel. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 1. 62: "This petty brabble will undo us all." The word becomes *prabble* in the Welsh dialect of Evans (*M. W.* i. 1. 56, iv. 1. 52, v. 5. 169) and Fluellen (*Hen. V.* iv. 8. 69). We have *brabbler*=quarreller in *K. John*, v. 2. 162.

62. *Distraction.* Madness; as in 302 below. The word is here a quadrisyllable, like *perfection* in i. 1. 39 above. Gr. 479.

63. *Notable.* Used oftener by S. in a bad than in a good sense. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 5. 47: "a notable lubber;" *Oth.* v. 1. 78: "O notable strumpet!" etc.

64. *Mercies.* Often="the power of acting at pleasure, discretion" (Schmidt). Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 264: "at mercy of my sword;" *M. of V.* iv. 1. 355: "in the mercy of the duke," etc. For the plural, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 130: "I commit my body to your mercies;" and see *Macb.* p. 209 (note on *Loves*), or *Rich. II.* p. 206 (note on *Sights*).

65. *Dear.* Heartfelt, earnest. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 182: "my dearest foe;" and see note in our ed. p. 185.

71. *Ingrateful.* Used by S. oftener than *ungrateful.* See Gr. 442. Cf. *ingrate* in 107 below.

73. *Wrack.* Wreck; the only spelling in the early eds. It rhymes with *back* in *R. of L.* 841, 966, *Sonn.* 126. 5, *Macb.* v. 5. 51, and with *alack* in *Per.* iv. prol. 12.

75. *Retention.* Reserve. It is used in a different sense in ii. 4. 96 above.

76. *Dedication.* Devotedness.

77. *Pure.* Purely, merely. For the adverbial use, cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 158: "live the purer."

78. *Into.* Unto; as often. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 102: "Look back into your mighty ancestors," etc.

80. *Being apprehended.* That is, *I* being apprehended. Gr. 379.

82. *To face me out.* Cf. iv. 2. 91 above: "to face me out of my wits."

83. *Twenty-years-removed.* The hyphens are not in the early eds. Gr. 2.

93. *Three months.* See on i. 4. 3 above.

103. *Fat.* Heavy, dull, distasteful. Halliwell quotes Chapman, *Bussy d'Ambois:* "'T is grosse and fulsome."

107. *Unauspicious.* S. uses the word only here, and *inauspicious* only in *R. and J.* v. 3. 111: "inauspicious stars."

108. *Faithfull'st.* For the contraction, see Gr. 473.

112. *The Egyptian thief.* An allusion to the Greek romance of *Theagenes and Chariclea*, which was translated into English before 1587. Thyamis, a robber chief, having fallen in love with Chariclea, seized her and shut her up in a cave with the intent to make her his wife. Being overpowered by another band of robbers, he rushed to the cave, in order to kill her, but in the darkness slew another person instead.

114. *Sometime.* Used by S. interchangeably with *sometimes*, both adverbially and adjectively. See *Ham.* p. 177.

115. *Non-regardance.* Disregard, contempt; used by S. nowhere else.

116. *And that.* And *since* that. See Gr. 285.

118. *Marble-breasted.* Cf. *marble-hearted* in *Lear*, i. 4. 281. *Marble-constant* (=firm as marble) occurs in *A. and C.* v. 2. 240.

119. *Minion.* Darling, favourite (Fr. *mignon*). See *Macb.* p. 153 or *Temp.* p. 136.

120. *Tender.* Cherish, regard. See *Ham.* p. 244.

125. *A raven's heart*, etc. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 76: "Dove-feather'd raven!" and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 76:

> "Seems he a dove? His feathers are but borrow'd,
> For he 's disposed as the hateful raven."

126. *Most jocund, apt, and willingly.* For the ellipsis of the adverbial ending, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 224: "look fresh and merrily." For other examples, see Gr. 397.

127. *To do you rest.* See *R. and J.* p. 160, note on *Do him disparagement.* Gr. 303.

132. *Tainting.* Disgracing, exposing to shame (Schmidt). Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 5. 46: "My age was never tainted with such shame," etc. For the *of*, see Gr. 178.

141. *Strangle thy propriety.* Disown what thou really art. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 176:

> "Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle
> From her propriety"

(that is, out of herself).

142. *Take thy fortunes up.* That is, accept or acknowledge them.

149. *Newly.* Lately, just now; as very often. See *M. W.* iv. 4. 52, *T. of S.* ii. 1. 174, iv. 2. 86, *R. and J.* iii. 1. 176, v. 3. 175, etc.

150. *A contract*, etc. The *betrothal* or *espousals* explained in note on iv. 3. 26 above.

151. *Joinder.* Joining; used by S. only here. We find *rejoindure* in *T. and C.* iv. 4. 38.

152. *Interchangement of your rings.* Rings were often exchanged in the betrothal, but there is no clear evidence that this was done in the marriage ceremony, as Steevens asserts.

156. *Watch.* See on ii. 5. 57 above.

159. *Case.* Integument, skin. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 15. 89: "The case of that huge spirit now is cold." Malone quotes Cary, *Present State of England*, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight named Young how he liked a company of brave ladies? He answered, as I like my silver-haired conies at home: the cases are far better than the bodies." Halliwell cites *Bussy d'Ambois:* "the asse, stalking in the lion's case."

161. *That thine own trip*, etc. That you will trip yourself up, be caught in your own snare.

165. *Little. A* little, at least some. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 43:

> "It is but as a body yet distemper'd,
> Which to his former strength may be restor'd
> With good advice and little medicine."

Elsewhere S. uses *a little* in this sense, and *little* negatively (=not much, scarce any), as we do now.

169. *Broke my head.* See *R. and J.* p. 147, note on *Your plantain leaf.*

170. *Coxcomb.* Used jokingly for the head; as in *Hen. V.* v. 1. 45, 57, *Lear*, ii. 4. 125, etc.

171. *I had rather than forty pound.* Cf. ii. 3. 19 above. For the plural *pound*, see *Rich. II.* p. 182.

174. *Incardinate.* Rowe takes pains to correct this into "incarnate."

176. *'Od's lifelings!* One of the many corruptions of *God* in oaths. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 4. 59: "'Od's heartlings!" *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 43: "'Od's my little life!" *Cymb.* iv. 3. 293: "'Od's pittikins!" etc.

181. *Bespake you fair.* Spoke kindly to you. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 2. 20: "Bespake them thus;" *C. of E.* iv. 2. 15: "Didst speak him fair?" *Id.* iv. 4. 157: "they speak us fair," etc.

185. *Othergates.* Otherwise, in another manner; the only instance of the word in S. *Anothergates* was more common. Halliwell quotes Lyly, *Mother Bombie:* "anothergates marriage;" and *Hudibras:*

> "When Hudibras about to enter
> Upon anothergates adventure," etc.

190. *Agone.* Ago; used by S. only here and in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 85: "long agone."

His eyes were set, etc. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 9: "Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head."

192. *A passy-measures pavin.* The 1st folio has "a passy measures panyn;" the later folios read "Rogue after a passy measures Pavin." Pope gave "and a past-measure painim;" Steevens, "and a passy-measure pavin;" Rann, "and after a passy-measure or a pavin," etc. W. has "and a passy measures paynim." Sr., D., K., Halliwell, Clarke, and others adopt the reading in the text. *Passy-measure* is a corruption

of the Italian *passamezzo*, which is defined by Florio, 1598, as "a passameasure in dancing, a cinque pace." Halliwell says that the *passymeasures pavin* is described in an early MS. list of dances as "The passinge measure Pavyon,—2 singles and a double forward, and 2 singles syde.—Reprynce back." Steevens cites many references to the *pavin;* as in B. and F., *Mad Lover:* "I 'll pipe him such a pavan;" Gosson, *School of Abuse*, 1579: "Dumps, pavins, galliards, measures," etc. Ben Jonson, in *The Alchemist*, calls it a Spanish dance. Sir J. Hawkins says that it was "a grave and majestick dance." He adds that every *pavin* had its *galliard* (see i. 3. 112 above), a lighter kind of air derived from the former. Cf. Middleton, *More Dissemblers*, etc.:

> "I can dance nothing but ill favour'dly,
> A strain or two of passe measures galliard."

Sr. adds: "Sir Toby therefore (if in his present state he can be supposed to have any meaning) means that the surgeon is a rogue and a *grave solemn coxcomb*. In the first act of the play he has shown himself well acquainted with the various kinds of dance. Shakespeare's characters are always consistent, and even in drunkenness preserve the traits of character which distinguished them when sober."

198. *Will you help?* etc. The folio reads, "Will you helpe an Asse-head, and a coxcombe, & a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?" The pointing in the text is due to Malone. Steevens follows the folio, believing that "Sir Toby, out of humour with himself, means to discharge these reproaches on the officious Sir Andrew, who also needs the surgeon's *help*."

203. *Wit and safety.* A wise regard for safety. For *wit* = wisdom, cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 130:

> "If she be fair and *wise*, fairness and *wit*,
> The one 's for use, the other useth it."

204. *A strange regard.* An estranged or distant look. Cf. ii. 5. 156 and iv. 1. 15 above.

209. *Perspective.* The name was applied to various optical devices for assisting the sight or producing illusions. See the long note on the subject in *Rich. II.* p. 180. Tollet quotes from *Humane Industry*, 1661, the following description of one of these contrivances: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, men make one picture to represent several faces—that being viewed from one place or standing, did shew the head of a Spaniard, and from another the head of an ass. . . . A picture of a chancellor of France presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces; but if one did look on it through a *perspective*, there appeared only the single pourtraicture of the chancellor himself. Thus that, which is, is not, or in a different position appears like another thing." Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 347: "Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid."

For the accent of *perspective*, see Gr. 492.

212. *Since I have lost thee.* "The warmth of Sebastian's words here to Antonio comes with delightful effect as a response to the sea-captain's affectionate expressions heretofore, and as a comfort for his past distress of mind" (Clarke).

219. *Nor can there be*, etc. That is, I have not the divine power of ubiquity.

221. *Of charity.* Out of charity, for the sake of charity. For *of* in adjurations, see Gr. 169.

224. *Messaline.* See on ii. 1. 15 above.

226. *Suited.* Dressed. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 118: "That I did suit me all points like a man," etc. So *suit* in next line = dress.

229. *Dimension.* Body. See on i. 5. 244 above.

231. *Goes even.* Agrees, coincides. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 4. 47: "to go even with what I heard," etc.

238. *Record.* Remembrance; as in *T. and C.* i. 3. 14, etc. S. puts the accent on either syllable, as suits the measure. Gr. 490.

241. *Lets.* Hinders. Cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 85: "I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me," etc. See also *Exod.* v. 5, *Isa.* xliii. 13, *Rom.* i. 13, etc. For the noun, see *Hen. V.* p. 185.

244. *Jump.* Agree, tally; as in *T. of S.* i. 1. 195: "Both our inventions meet and jump in one," etc.

246. *Captain.* The Coll. MS. has "captain's."

247. *Where.* That is, at whose house or lodgings. Clarke compares *M. of V.* v. 1. 263:

> "Why, this is like the mending of highways
> In summer, where the ways are fair enough," etc.

Schmidt puts this latter passage, with many others, under the head of *where* used loosely for "in which, in which case, on which occasion, and sometimes almost = when."

Weeds. Clothes, garments. See *M. N. D.* p. 149; and cf. 265 and 267 below. Theo. changed *maiden* to "maid's," and *preserved* in the next line to "preferr'd."

249. *Occurrence.* Hanmer substituted "occurrents," for which see *Ham.* p. 276.

252. *Bias.* A metaphor taken from the game of bowls. Cf. *Ham.* p. 200 (note on *Assays of bias*) and *Rich. II.* p. 197 (note on *Rubs*). We find the word used adjectively in *T. and C.* iv. 5. 8: "thy sphered bias cheek" (that is, swollen like the bowl on the biassed side).

253. *Contracted.* This word, like the *betrothed* in 255, confirms the explanation given in the note on iv. 3. 26 above. *Contract* is often used by S. with reference to the ceremony of betrothal (as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 401, v. 3. 5, *M. for M.* v. 1. 380, *Lear*, v. 3. 228, etc.), but never to that of marriage.

256. *Right noble*, etc. "Not only is there the pleasant effect produced in these few words of Orsino's coming forward to avouch the nobility of his old friend's son and daughter, but they serve the dramatic purpose of attesting the gentle birth of the youth who is chosen by a countess for a husband, and of the maiden who is about to be taken by the duke for a wife" (Clarke).

257. *As yet the glass*, etc. *As yet* = still; as in *L. C.* 75: "I might as yet have been a spreading flower," etc. *The glass* seems to refer, as Clarke suggests, to the *perspective* of 209 above.

261. *Over-swear.* Swear over again. Cf. *swear over* = swear down, in *W. T.* i. 2. 424.

263. *That orbed continent.* The sun. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 166: "Tellus' orbed ground." *Continent*=that which contains (see *M. N. D.* p. 142), here applied to the sun as the seat and source of light. Sr. takes it to be=firmament (with an allusion to *Gen.* i. 14), and reads "fires . . . sever."

270. *Enlarge.* Release, set at liberty; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 40, 57, etc.

271. *Remember me.* For the reflexive use, see *R. and J.* p. 150, note on *I have remember'd me.*

272. *Distract.* For the form of the participle, cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 155: "she fell distract;" *Ham.* iv. 5. 2: "She is importunate, indeed distract," etc. Gr. 342.

273. *Extracting.* "Drawing other thoughts from my mind" (Schmidt). The later folios have "exacting," and Hanmer substituted "distracting." Clarke remarks: "Shakespeare's forcible and most pertinent word here has been altered by some editors, who allege that there is no other instance of the word being thus used (as if Shakespeare did not exercise his own authority, by divine right of genius, to use words and create words that no one before had used or created), and who say that he would not have introduced *extracting* so immediately near to *distract.* But, to our minds, there is a playful and bewitching effect in Olivia's change of the first syllable of the slightly varying word, with, mayhap, a half-smiling, half-tender emphasis in her tone, and a momentary glance towards her new-trothed husband, as she utters the significant conclusion."

276. *At the stave's end.* Halliwell quotes Withals, *Dict.*: "To hold off, keepe aloofe, as they say, at the staves ende."

277. *He has.* The folio has simply "has," which may be right. Malone inserted the *he.* See on i. 5. 138 above.

279. *Skills.* Matters, signifies. Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 2. 134: "It skills not much;" and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 281: "It skills not greatly."

286. *Vox.* "A full and loud voice" (Schmidt). Cf. Terence: "voce opus est." Malone remarks: "The Clown, we may presume, had begun to read the letter in a very loud tone, and probably with extravagant gesticulation. Being reprimanded by his mistress, he justifies himself by saying, 'If you would have it read in character, as such a *mad* epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a *frantic* tone.'"

289. *Perpend.* Consider, look to it; a word used only by Pistol, Polonius, and the Clowns (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 119, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 69, etc.

293. *Cousin.* Changed by Rowe to "uncle;" but see *Ham.* p. 179.

303. *Deliver'd.* Released, set free; as in iv. 2. 67 above.

305. *As well a sister*, etc. By these words "S. conveys the effect of 'to think of me as a sister instead of as a wife,' in addition to the stricter interpretation of 'to think of me as sister to yourself as well as wife to Sebastian,' which they bear" (Clarke).

306. *Alliance on't.* Heath conjectured "alliance, an 't so please you," and the Coll. MS. gives "and, so please you." D. reads "on's" (cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 206). In *on't*, the *on*=of (Gr. 182) and the *it* is used in an indefinite way, referring to the idea implied in what precedes. Cf. 2 *Hen.*

IV. iii. 2. 270: "grow till you come unto it;" *A. and C.* iii. 13. 176: "There 's hope in 't yet" (cf. 192 just below), etc.

307. *Proper.* Own, personal. See *Oth.* p. 162.

308. *Apt.* Ready. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 114: "Youth so apt to pluck a sweet," etc.

309. *Quits.* Releases. It is often = acquit, absolve; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 1. 11, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 166, etc.

310. *Mettle.* See on ii. 5. 13 above. *Mettle of your sex* is here used "for the 'spirit,' the 'native dignity' of womanhood, and for its 'essential quality,' its 'constitutional property'" (Clarke).

317. *Notorious.* Notable, egregious. See *Oth.* p. 201, and cf. *notoriously* in 366 below.

320. *From it.* See on i. 5. 178 above.

327. *Lighter.* "Of less dignity or importance" (Johnson); "meaner, inferior" (Schmidt).

331. *Geck.* Dupe; used by S. only here and in *Cymb.* v. 4. 67:

> "And to become the geck and scorn
> O' th' other's villany."

336. *I do bethink me.* I recollect; as in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 155, *Oth.* v. 2. 25, etc.

337. *Then.* Changed by some editors to "thou;" but the ellipsis is a common one. See Gr. 401.

338. *Such . . . which.* See Gr. 278. *Presuppos'd upon thee* = "previously pointed out for thy imitation, or such as it was supposed thou wouldst assume after reading the letter" (Steevens). The Coll. MS. has "preimpos'd."

340. *Practice.* Trick. See *Much Ado*, p. 156, or *Ham.* p. 255. For *shrewdly*, see *Hen. V.* p. 170.

349. *Upon.* In consequence of. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 225: "she died upon his words;" *Id.* v. 1. 258: "And fled he is upon this villany," etc. Gr. 191.

350. *Against.* "Used peculiarly and elliptically; it implies 'as counting against,' 'as making against,' and also 'as warranting us in plotting against'" (Clarke); but perhaps the word itself is used only in its common sense of "in opposition or repugnance to" (Schmidt), the rest being implied in the context. D. follows Tyrwhitt in reading "in" for *against.*

351. *Importance.* Importunity; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 7: "At our importance hither is he come." For *important* = importunate, see *Much Ado*, p. 129.

Daniel remarks here: "Now Maria writ the letter at the 'importance' of her own love of mischief; the plot originated entirely with her, though Sir Toby and the rest eagerly joined in it. And when could Sir Toby have found time for the marriage ceremony on this morning which has been so fully occupied by the plots on Malvolio and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek? It could not have been since he last left the stage, for he was then drunk and wounded, and sent off to bed to have his hurts looked to."

354. *Pluck on.* Excite. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 4. 147: "To pluck on oth-

ers;" *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 65: "sin will pluck on sin." *Pluck* is a favourite word with S.

357. *Poor fool!* For the use of *fool* as a term of pity, see *A. Y. L.* p. 151, or *Much Ado*, p. 133.

Baffled. Treated contemptuously. For the old sense of the word, see *Rich. II.* p. 154.

359. *Thrown.* Theo. changed this to "thrust," the word in the letter, ii. 5. 134 above; but the variation may have been purposely introduced by the poet, "possibly from his knowing, by professional experience, the difficulty of quoting with perfect accuracy" (St.).

368. *He hath not told us*, etc. "In this line and the preceding we have true Shakespearian touches. First, we have the Duke, with his gentle nature and his new joy, eager to have the injured though crabbed purist brought back and soothed into partaking of the general harmony; and then we have the indication of Orsino's naturally keen interest respecting *the Captain* who had saved Viola, while it also serves the dramatic purpose of showing that the promise of interrogating the Captain in reference to *Malvolio's suit* has not been lost sight of, although the interest of the play's last scene does not require that point to be further pursued" (Clarke).

369. *Convents.* Is convenient, suits; or, possibly, as others explain it =invites. Elsewhere (in *M. for M.* v. 1. 158, *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 52, and *Cor.* ii. 2. 58) it is=calls together, summons.

371. *Of our dear souls*, etc. Abbott (Gr. 478) supposes the measure to be filled out by pronouncing *sister* "with a kind of 'burr,' which produced the effect of an additional syllable." Hanmer gave "In the mean time," etc.

374. *Fancy's.* Love's. Cf. i. 1. 14 and ii. 4. 33 above.

376. *When that*, etc. St. remarks: "It is to be regretted, perhaps, that this 'nonsensical ditty,' as Steevens terms it, has not long since been degraded to the foot-notes. It was evidently one of those jigs with which it was the rude custom of the Clown to gratify the groundlings [see *Ham.* p. 220] upon the conclusion of a play. These absurd compositions, intended only as a vehicle for buffoonery, were usually improvisations of the singer, tagged to some popular ballad-burden, or the first lines of various songs strung together in ludicrous juxtaposition, at the end of each of which the performer indulged in hideous grimace and a grotesque sort of 'Jump Jim Crow' dance." Cf. Knight's comments on the song, p. 21 above.

And a little, etc. *And* is often used as an expletive in popular songs. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 2. 74:

> "He that has and a little tiny wit,
> With hey, ho, the wind and the rain;"

and *Oth.* ii. 3. 92: "King Stephen was and a worthy peer" (1st quarto and most modern eds. omit "and").

382. *Knaves and thieves.* Changed by Farmer to "knave and thief."

384. *Wive.* For the verb, see *Oth.* pp. 172, 193.

388. *Beds.* Hanmer changed this to "bed," and *heads* to "head."

390. *Still had.* Hanmer reads "I had," and Coll. "still I had."

ADDENDUM.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—As Mr. P. A. Daniel shows in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (see on i. 4. 3 above), the action of this play occupies three days, with an interval of three days between the first and second.

The events of the first three scenes may all be supposed to take place in one day. In i. 4. 2, Valentine says "he hath known you *but three days*" (see note, p. 126 above), which shows that time to have elapsed since i. 2. The remaining scenes of act i., with the first three of act ii., occur on this second day, at the close of which (ii. 3. 180) Sir Toby and Sir Andrew go off to "burn some sack," as it is "too late to go to bed." In ii. 4. 3, the Duke asks for the song "we heard *last night*," which indicates that only one night has intervened; and the rest of the play furnishes matter for but a single "May morning" (iii. 4. 136). As we have remarked above (see on v. 1. 351), it is difficult to understand when Sir Toby and Maria found time to be married, as the bridegroom has left the stage in the very same scene, drunk and with a broken head. But, as Biondello tells us in *T. of S.* (iv. 4. 99), "I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit;" and possibly Sir Toby snatched a spare moment for an impromptu wedding, and so crammed more matter into this busy May morning. Maria had evidently been manœuvring for the match all along, and would willingly "be married under a bush like a beggar" (*A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 85) rather than run the risk of delay.

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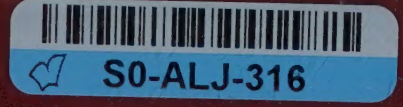
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